CE $1.95

AUGUST 29, 1986

ROOKHISER ON
AT ROBERTSON
—Page 29

NATIONAL REVIEW

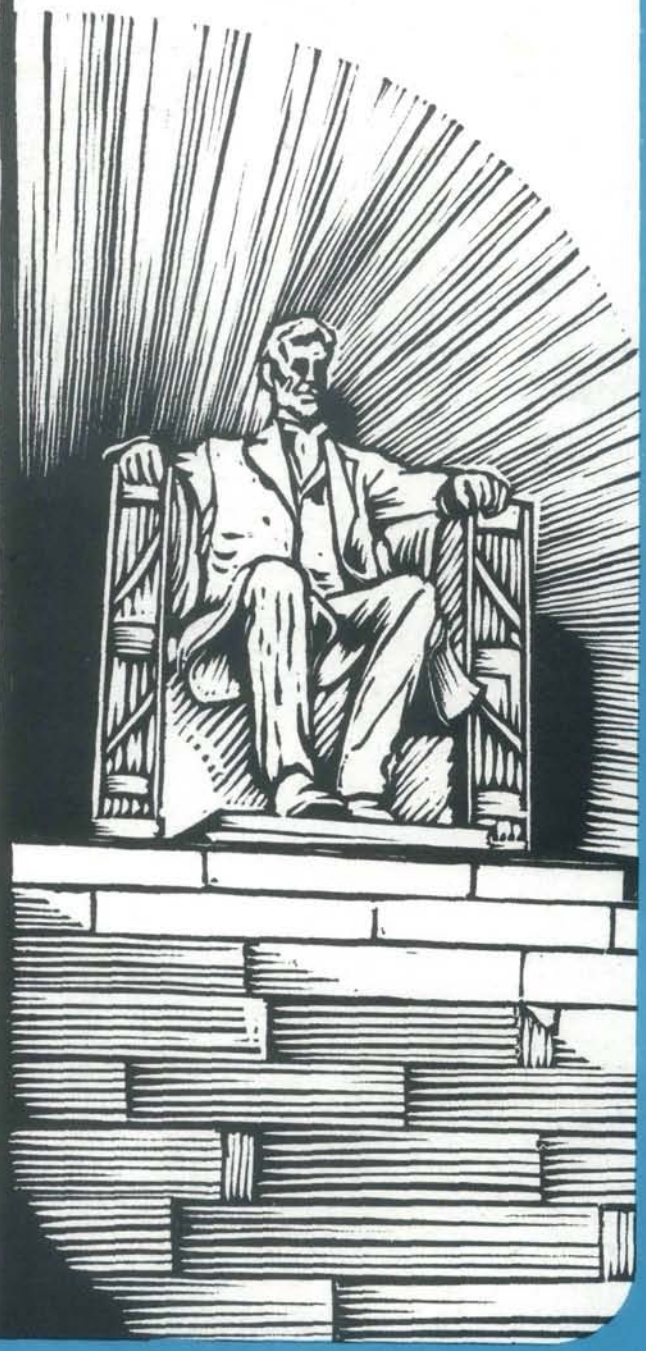
MG0710304809 0188616 P 050 G
ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901

*****

IF

SHALL SUPPOSE
T ABORTION IS ONE
OSE OFFENSES WHICH,
E PROVIDENCE OF GOD,
EEDS COME, BUT WHICH, HAVING
UED THROUGH HIS APPOINTED TIME,
WILLS TO REMOVE, AND THAT HE GIVES
NATION THIS TERRIBLE CONFLICT AS THE..."

LEWIS LEHRMAN ON
THE RIGHT TO LIFE
AND THE RESTORATION
OF THE
AMERICAN REPUBLIC



0 35
73361 64544

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY WE SPONSOR A SHOW THAT DOESN'T TREAT US LIKE A SPONSOR.

AT&T is the national corporate underwriter of The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour, but we don't get any special treatment. We don't expect to.

When Robert MacNeil, Jim Lehrer, and their team of correspondents report any kind of news about us, they don't pull any punches. Nor should they.

At AT&T, we're less interested in being handled with kid gloves than we are in the program's objective approach to the news and its uncompromising commitment to quality.

The same commitment to quality we at AT&T bring to our products and services.

All of which led us to support The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour in the first place.

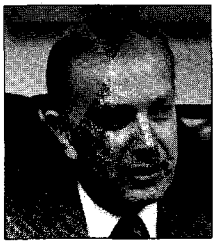
AT&T
The right choice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUGUST 29, 1986
VOL. XXXVIII, NO. 16

NATIONAL REVIEW

LEHRMAN


VON DREELE

BUCKLEY

AESCHLIMAN

THE COVER

25 **The Right to Life and the Restoration Of the American Republic**
Sober and moderate men wish to exclude the abortion question from politics on the grounds that such a basic moral disagreement is too perilously divisive. But the fight for the unborn, like the fight against slavery, is an unavoidable episode in the recurring American struggle to live up to our fundamental law. *Lewis E. Lehrman*

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

22 **South Africa Chronicle, Alas**
Reagan's attempt to stand pat on South Africa left him standing all alone.
John McLaughlin

24 **The Force of Myth**
Gorbachev smiles and the American media see peace on earth. Why bother to make up new myths when you can use the old one over and over again? *Brian Crozier*

29 **Pat Robertson Seeks Lower Office**
The Reverend Pat Robertson is articulate, conservative, persuasive, and personable. He's also a sure loser. *Richard Brookhiser*

34 **Who Killed Kiki Camarena?**
America's war on drugs is putting the Mexican government on the hot seat. But Mexico needs a shot in the arm, not in the back.
George Byram Lake

36 **The State Department v. the Freedom-Fighters**
In the case of anti-Communist insurgencies, the State Department has a motto: Never let a little thing like the Reagan Doctrine get in the way of a good gabfest.
Eugene Tarne

38 **Anti-Clericalism and Anti-Semitism**
Italians may not like priests, but they love Catholicism. That's the way human beings are. *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

40 In *The Gentleman from Maryland*, Robert Bauman, in the process of telling with admirable and touching candor his own tale, puts forth the case for public acceptance of homosexuality. But despite the author's sincerity, says **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**, the right to satisfy one's sexual appetites at whatever cost to an orderly society can be no moral crusade. . . . The theory of evolution is built upon the shifting sands of materialism. Michael Denton's *Evolution: A Theory in Crisis* casts a scientific eye on the scanty evidence in favor of it, says **Tom Bethell**. . . . *Vintage Muggeridge*, edited by Geoffrey Barlow, shows Muggeridge to be a worthy heir of Swift and Johnson; **M. D. Aeschliman** admires. . . . **Jeffrey Meyers** finds Donald Prater's life of Rilke to be a serious, painstaking, staggeringly dull portrait of a weak and narcissistic man. . . . For **John Simon**, Mike Nichols's film version of Nora Ephron's *Heartburn* just goes to show that no matter how bad a novel is, the movie can be worse. . . . **Joseph Sobran** turns on his VCR to get the untold story of the coverage of Vietnam in *Television's Vietnam*. . . . The world is drowning in wine, rejoices **Nika Hazelton**.

4 LETTERS
11 FOR THE RECORD
12 THE WEEK
32 hel2
50 THE RIGHT BOOKS
54 ON THE RIGHT
58 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by John C. Donnelly
Cover illustration by Barry Shapiro

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1986. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden
Consultant to the Editor

Editors
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
Joseph Sobran

Richard Brookhiser *Managing Editor*
Linda Bridges *Executive Editor*
Richard Vigilante *Article Editor*
Chilton Williamson Jr. *Book Editor*
John McLaughlin *Washington Editor*

Associate Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Tom Bethell / Brian Crozier
Werner J. Dannhauser / W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton / D. Keith Mano
Richard John Neuhaus / Walter Olson
William F. Rickenbacker / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Timothy J. Wheeler

Associates
Peter Garvey / Jane Buckley Smith
Catherine Tangney / Stephen C. Weeks

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Dorothy McCartney *Research Director*
John J. Virtes *Librarian*
Anna Lieber *Art Director*
Ione Whitlock *Production Editor*
Dorothy B. Humanitzki *Copy Editor*
Rose Flynn DeMaio *Treasurer*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Circulation Manager
Sylvia Wolinsky

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
Christopher Buckley / James Burnham
John Chamberlain / Mona Charen
Dinesh D'Souza / M. Stanton Evans
Mary Gauerke / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Donald Hall
Malcolm Hancock / Henry Hazlitt
Charles R. Kesler / John Kiley
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Nicholas King
Jan Lukas / Kevin Lynch
Forrest McDonald / Charles Burton Marshall
Thomas Molnar / Gerhart Niemeyer
Michael Novak / Grover Rees III
Joseph A. Rehyansky / Alan Reynolds
Selden Rodman / Francis Russell
Michael A. Scully / Terry Teachout
S. L. Varnado / Charles Wallen Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

LETTERS

Every Man a Kingfish

It is good to see NATIONAL REVIEW take notice of the grand tradition of Louisiana politics that has gone on uninterrupted in this "feudal democracy" ["Letting the Good Times Roll with Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards," by Ben C. Toledano, Aug. 15]. Governor Edwards was merely following in the footsteps of all the other Pelican State pols of the breed of the Kingfish Huey Long and the illustrious Governor Richard Leche, who, on his way out of office and into jail, made the now famous remark: "When I took an oath of office, I didn't take any vow of poverty."

Hugh Winfield
Sulphur, La.

Buck Privates

John Barnes's article "The Failure of Privatization" [July 18] shows how difficult it can be to move ahead with a truly novel policy approach. Still I am convinced that systematic privatization can provide us enormous benefits in economic expansion and job growth.

I want to point out that a coalition of House Republicans under Congressman Jack Kemp, plus some Democrats led by Delegate Walter Fauntroy of Washington, D.C., recently passed a revolutionary amendment to privatize public-housing units. This measure will let public-housing tenants buy their homes at 25 per cent of market price, with a guaranteed thirty-year mortgage at 70 per cent of the going interest rate. It was pushed enthusiastically by a D.C. tenants' organization whose members were simply fed up with the deterioration of their residences under public-housing authorities. This measure passed, incidentally, without any active support from the Administration. I believe it will turn out to be a proving ground for privatization in the next few years.

Jim Courter
Member of Congress (R., N.J.)
Washington, D.C.

Dubious Publius

Maybe federalism does mean that states have the right to make unjust laws as long as those laws don't violate the Constitution ["The Week," Aug. 1], but in upholding the constitutionality of Georgia's anti-sodomy law the Supreme Court did not fully decide the constitutional question. The Justices explicitly stated in a footnote to the majority opinion that they refused to consider whether the statute violated either the Eighth or the Ninth Amendment or the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth, presumably because no arguments were advanced on those grounds. The dissenting Justices also stated that the law in question "interferes with constitutionally protected interests in privacy and freedom of intimate association" outside the purview of those amendments.

A ruling in favor of the appellant would indeed have meant that "until recently all fifty states had been acting unconstitutionally," but so what? Our respect for common and constitutional law should be more realistic than that. Some conservatives are so blinded by the lights of judicial restraint and federalism that they can't see the protections against the states afforded by the Constitution to the human freedoms they sometimes philosophically defend.

Rick Pankey
Boaz, Ala.

Let me get this straight. Laws regulating what people can do in the privacy of their own homes are "the chief bulwark against the raw, fluid power of the contemporary state"?

David D. Boaz
Washington, D.C.

Tonsorectomy

I would like to respond to Stephen J. Tonsor's attack on me in these pages ["Why I Too Am Not a Neoconservative," June 20], even though such a response poses some problems. It cannot be easy to reason with a man whose two role models seem to be Mr. Creedy of the Midas Muffler ads, and Serenus Zeitblom, a character from *Dr. Faustus* portrayed by Thomas Mann as an amiable bumbler. What is more, it is hard to argue with a Christian who casts derision on converts without so much as a mention of St. Paul.

Be that as it may, what separates Tonsor from me is his conception of modernity, by which I mean his misunderstanding of it. On the level of theory, he is not troubled by the troubling question of the affinity between Christianity and modernity. He should study Tocqueville and ponder the fact that Jonathan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

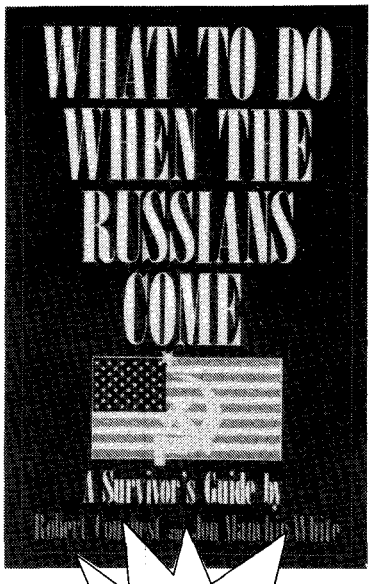
Strange advice from the authors:

BURN THIS BOOK

But that's only the beginning, if the peaceniks have their way and Russia ever does take over. The alternative might be to spend the rest of your days up near the Arctic Circle.

Say, what's going on here? Has the Conservative Book Club suddenly started offering kooky books?

Not on your life — and we use those words advisedly. This one is by Robert Conquest, who probably knows as much about the Soviets as any Westerner alive today. Conquest, now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, wrote the classic study of Stalin's reign of murder, *The Great Terror*. Co-author Jon Manchip White is the Lindsay Young Professor of English at the University of Tennessee. So you'll be reading a serious book about a grim possibility. This isn't a *1984*-style fantasy. *This book is based entirely upon what hundreds of millions have suffered when the Communists took over — but with ingenious variations added especially for America.*



FREE *with Club membership*

When the Soviets Come

- How the Soviets "will establish their grip on the political organization of the U.S."
- The unlucky 20 percent: what awaits us. And for those *not* arrested, you're doomed to the daily grind, which Conquest and White spell out in detail.
- How particular people are likely to fare: professionals, liberals, ethnics, clergymen, dozens more.
- The inevitable Resistance Movement: long and short term prospects. How you might become a part of it. What methods will work best.

Life in the New America

- Rationing, currency "reform," and other "economic adjustments" sure to come. Businesses that will close immediately. The lucky few that may thrive (so to speak).
- The chilling war-and-its-aftermath scenario "commonly found in Soviet military literature."
- When famine hits America: watch for these telltale signs beforehand.
- Major immediate problems, not excluding gang rape by the invading Russian troops (who will be called "peacekeepers").
- Raising kids under the new regime.
- From the official Soviet list of people subject to repression in the Baltic states, some lessons.
- What will happen to your house. Your car. Things you take for granted now that you'll drool over then.
- The New America: 7 characteristics.
- Where the resistance activity will start. What it will have to do first. How the Communists will counter the freedom fighters. Where to learn about guerrilla warfare, and about *surviving*.

It *could* happen. And if enough people scoff at the possibility, it *will* happen. Paradoxically, this book not only helps you prepare for the worst. It also helps it *not* to happen.

"A startling account of what to expect in the U.S. if we become so spineless that the Soviets take us over . . . If there is truly such a thing as must reading, *What to Do When the Russians Come* is that book."—*Wall Street Journal*

"Sober . . . hair-raising . . . makes scary sense. . . . Overdone? Scarcely. Anyone who knows the literature on the Czechs, Poles, East Germans, Ukrainians, Hungarians, Afghans, Vietnamese, and on the dissenters, resisters and refuseniks in the Soviet Union itself, will be impressed by the low key of the book."—Max Lerner, *New York Post*

How to get this $14.95 book FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send FREE *What to Do When the Russians Come* by Robert Conquest & J. M. White. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

NR-103

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans United for Life Presents

A U L
FORUM
1986

Commitment For Life:
Challenging the New Ethics in Law, Medicine and Society

Chicago
The Drake Hotel

Sunday
Oct. 19, 1986

Meet and hear nationally-known experts discuss how America's pro-life movement must seize the highground in confronting issues which threaten the sanctity of life—abortion, infanticide, and euthanasia.

•
Keynote Speaker
C. Everett Koop, M.D., Sc.D.

Also featuring

Fr. James Burtchaell
University of Notre Dame
Nat Hentoff
Nationally-syndicated columnist
Dr. Bernard Nathanson
Narrator, "The Silent Scream"
Joseph Sobran
Editor, *National Review*

•
For more information call
Laurie Ramsey at **(312) 786-9494.**

Registration Deadline
October 1, 1986

SNR-6

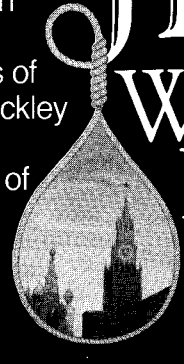
"A high good time."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

This time, Blackie's deadly game involves even Queen Caroline and Buckingham Palace. From a covert camp for killers to a KGB trysting nest in Stockholm to the tightly closed doors of the Kremlin, Bill Buckley unwinds a chilling, heart-stopping tale of high adventure... high treason... HIGH JINX.

HIGH JINX

William F. Buckley, Jr.

A novel with Blackford Oakes



DOUBLEDAY

A MAIN SELECTION OF THE LITERARY GUILD

At bookstores everywhere

Swift, a Christian of impeccable conservative credentials, thought of St. Thomas as a modern. On the level of practice, he should ask himself about the extent to which modernity amounts to a tie-in sale that includes the benefits of modern medicine. When he is sick doesn't he, like me, prefer penicillin to blood-letting?

Ordinarily, I would welcome the opportunity to debate such matters with Tonsor, but I am discouraged by his incomprehension of what I wrote. In my *Commentary* piece, I gently took to task neoconservatives and conservatives, including myself, for being too much concerned with the utility of religion and too little with its truth. I wrote as a believer and was understood as such by competent readers.

Why, then, did Tonsor misunderstand me? Reluctant to ascribe his failure to natural limitations, I reluctantly conclude that he does not want us Jews in his neighborhood, as it were, since we might have a bit of trouble with a conservatism espousing a "Roman or Anglo-Catholic" world view. On this point, I can reassure Tonsor. Wherever he dwells, I would rather be elsewhere. After all, "being elsewhere" is "the great vocation of the Jewish people." I quote from Charles Péguy, and I hope my source is kosher enough for Tonsor.

Werner J. Dannhauser
Ithaca, N.Y.

Mr. Tonsor Replies

When, earlier this year, I spoke to the Philadelphia Society on the topic of "Why I Am Not a Neoconservative" (later reprinted in NATIONAL REVIEW), I touched off a storm of approval and disapproval more widespread and intense than the reaction to anything I have previously written or said. It is time to thank my friends for their comprehension and to attempt to deal with the criticisms and misapprehensions of my critics. As is usual in public debate, the criticism has fallen into three categories: matters of substance, the frivolous, and the ill-willed and spitefully intended.

I take Eugene B. Meyer's article in *NR*, "The Case for Tolerance" [July 18], and the remarks of Arnold Beichman in the *Washington Times* of April 24 as matters of substance deserving a serious reply.

Political and religious conversion is not a new phenomenon. In 1789, Western Europe was filled with free-thinkers and revolutionaries. By 1820 they had disappeared. No one has written a comprehensive account of this remarkable transformation of consciousness, though

(Continues on page 52)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It lights up in the dark!

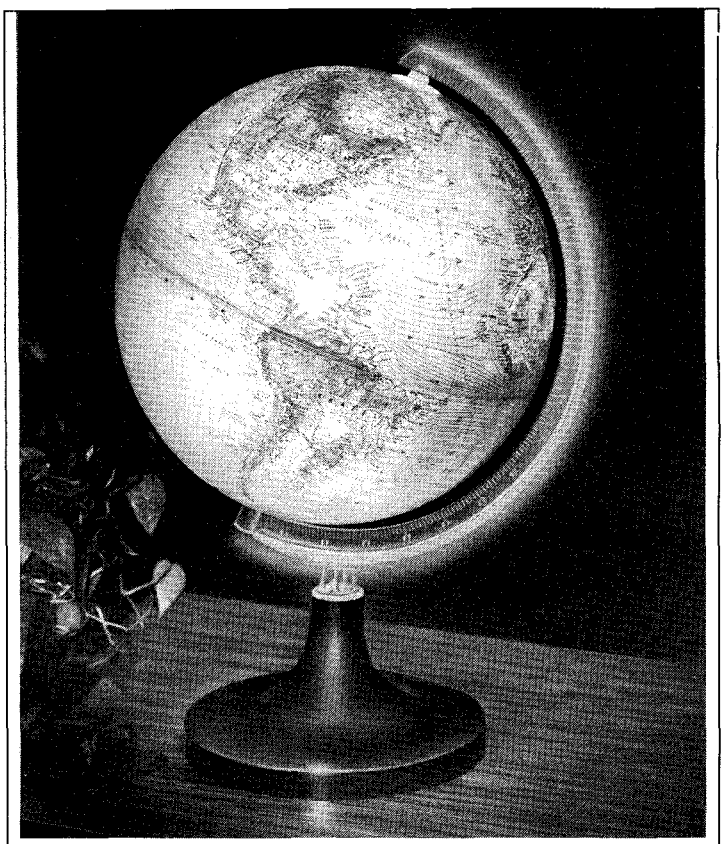
Let The Mercury Globe Light Up Your Home

A globe is like an encyclopedia or Bible—no educated home is complete without one. Maps are all very well and good, but only the three-dimensionality of a globe can accurately represent the shape and proportions of our planet—it's a "hands-on" geographical learning aid the whole family can use.

And now your family can enjoy discovering a *new* world with our the Mercury *Illuminated* Globe. This impeccably detailed, completely up-to-date 18" tall model of our planet is available for the earthshakingly low price of $29.95. Never before—and probably never again—will a globe of such high quality be offered at such a low price.

An Earthshaking Bargain at Only $29.95

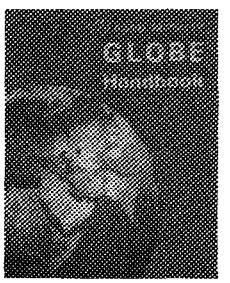
The Mercury Illuminated Globe offers features you just won't find on a conventional globe. It's made of attractive, durable polystyrene and shows the earth's topography, elevations, vegetation patterns, ocean currents, international date line and much more. The Mercury contains 3,600 place names, from the tallest peaks (complete with height in feet) to the tiniest islands! As if all that weren't enough, the Mercury GLOWS IN THE DARK! Switch it on and it reveals the physical world in all its colorful detail—from ocean depths to national boundaries—all depicted in crisp, contrasting colors. And here's the added bonus: the Mercury is a handsome night light that will teach your child about geography as it lights up his room!



The Mercury is also an ideal night light with 24 watt bulb, UL-approved parts, and a high-gloss finish for easy cleaning.

The *Free* Globe Handbook Gives You a World of Information

To ensure that you get the full enjoyment out of your Mercury Illuminated Globe, we're including a free, full-color handbook that tells how to use the globe and explains earth-space relationships, the planets, and more. It's all part of our policy of giving you the most for your money.



PRICE BREAKTHROUGH!

Suggested List Price
$59.95
NOW ONLY
$29.95
BY MAIL ONLY

Barnes & Noble

Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. G208,126 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. NY 10011

1430917. Please send me____Mercury illuminated Globe(s) at your special sale price of only $29.95 (plus $3.00 each shipping and insurance).
N.Y., N.J., PA., MASS., res. add sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

For Faster Service
Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free
1-800-228-3535
24 Hours-7 Days a week In Nebraska 1-800-642-9606

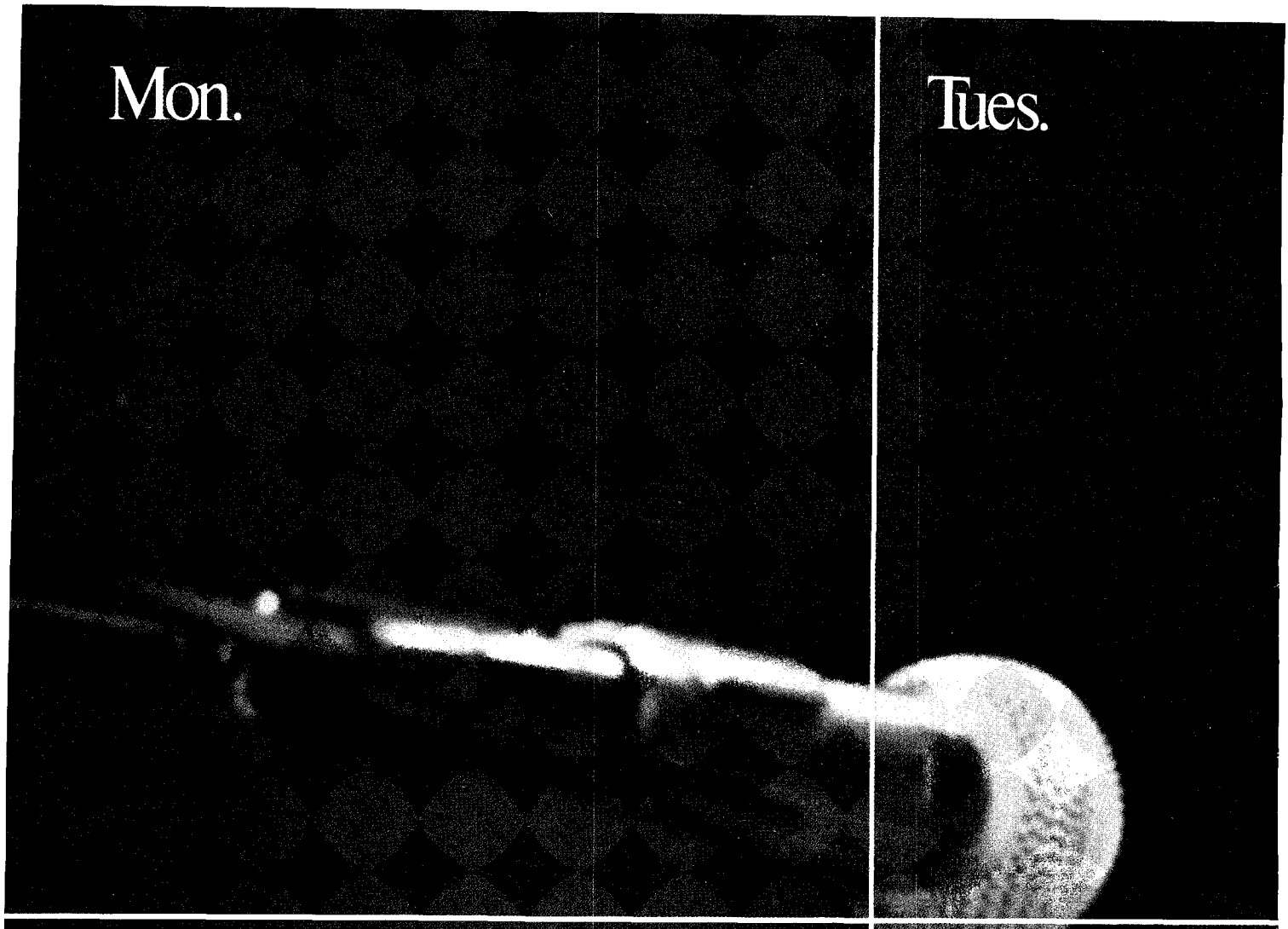
Check one
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ charge this purchase to:
☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ DINERS CLUB ☐ AMEX

Account# _____ Expires_____

Signature_____

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Every item you purchase from Barnes & Noble by mail must meet your standards...If not, return it within 30 days for a full refund.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Thurs.

Fri.

The week one of our readers was so inspired, he wrote a song.

A recent article in Newsweek on the convoluted morality of apartheid led a sightless reader to create a vision of simple outrage.

A song.

The reader was Stevie Wonder. And the song is "It's Wrong"—part of his new album, "In Square Circle."

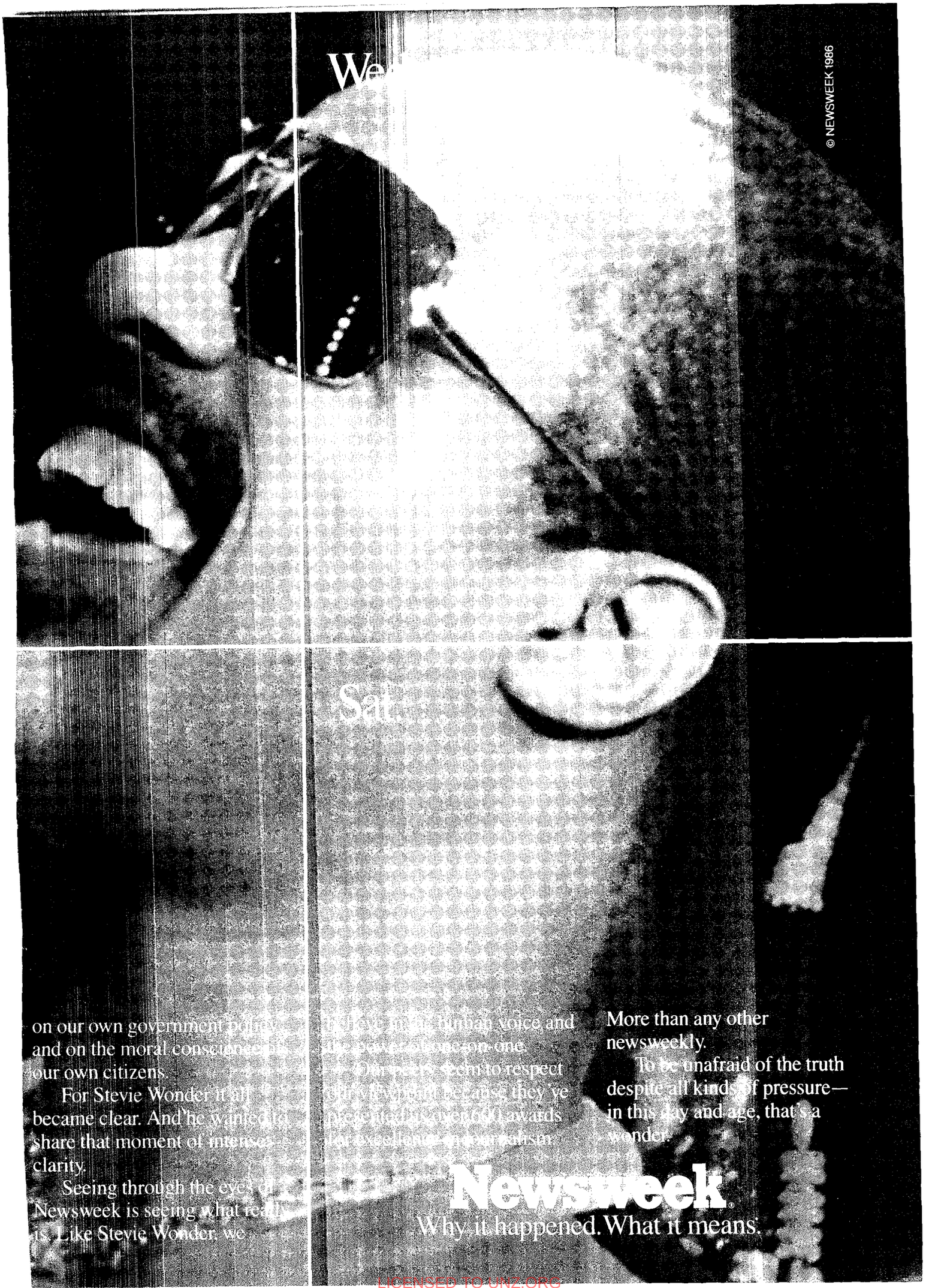
"I actually wrote it," he said, "after reading Newsweek in Braille. It gave me a little more understanding of what apartheid was about."

Newsweek's commitment is to present the news in a way that leads to a greater understanding of what events mean to us. We not only tell what happened, but why it happened.

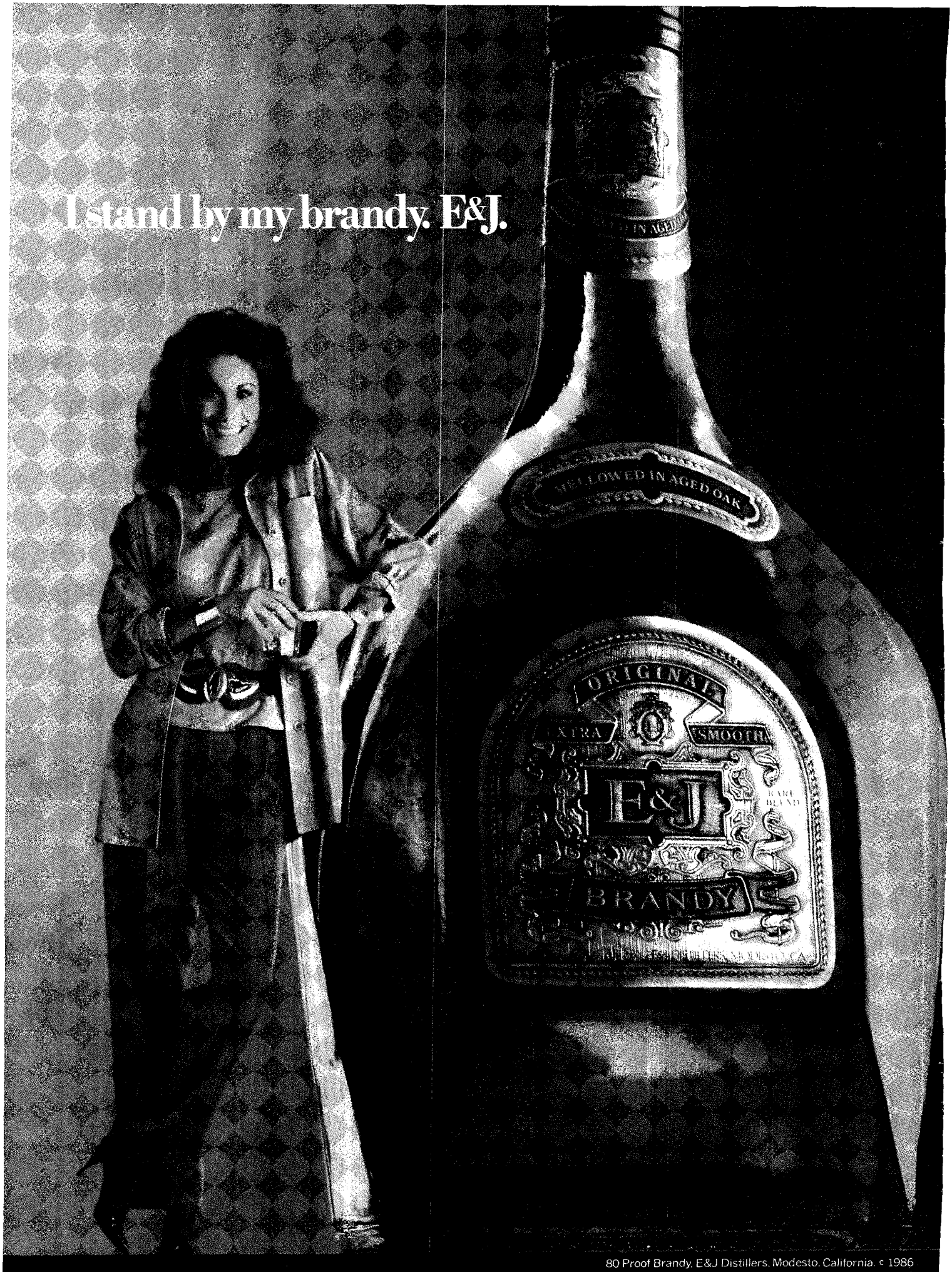
And we write it in a personal and human way that makes you a witness to events.

Our continuing special reports on "The Crisis in South Africa" have presented a sweeping picture of the forces at work in that country and have demonstrated their impact

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


We
© NEWSWEEK 1986
Sat
on our own government policy
and on the moral consciousness
our own citizens.
For Stevie Wonder it all
became clear. And he wanted to
share that moment of intense
clarity.
Seeing through the eyes of
Newsweek is seeing what really
is. Like Stevie Wonder, we
believe in the human voice and
the power of one on one.
Our peers seem to respect
us for it, too. Just, they've
picked up seven CEO awards
for excellence in journalism.
More than any other
newsweekly.
To be unafraid of the truth
despite all kinds of pressure—
in this day and age, that's a
wonder.
Newsweek
Why it happened. What it means.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

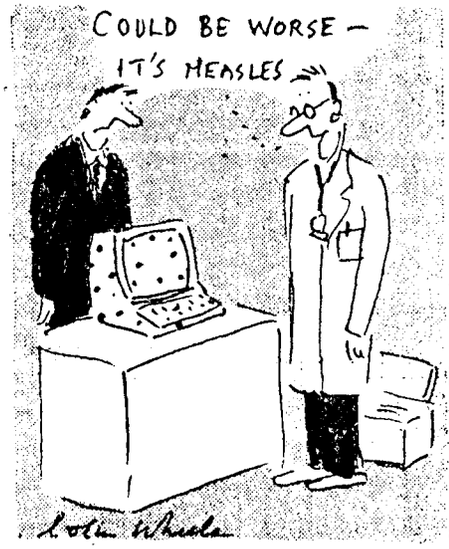


80 Proof Brandy. E&J Distillers. Modesto, California. © 1986

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

Why did **Ronald Reagan** go for the subsidized wheat sale to Russia? There are (count them) 12 to 14 reasons: That's how many Republican senators are running for re-election in hard-hit farm states. **Evans & Novak** say aides have convinced the President that the wheat sales could be of "great importance" in six tight races. . . . Economic analyst **Albert Sindlinger** believes economic downturn will be particularly damaging to GOP in Midwest, South, while Republicans will do well on prosperous East and West Coasts. . . . **William Feltus**, senior analyst at *Market Opinion Research*, tends to be more optimistic. He says it usually takes an increase in unemployment figures to hurt incumbents, and employment is, if anything, up. . . . Latest **Gallup** on economic prospects shows 51 per cent of the people expect to be better off a year from now. That's down from 61 per cent in March, but still in the optimistic column. . . . Running scoreboard on Senate races: **Kevin Phillips** calls it even at end of July: three GOP plusses, three Democratic plusses. In Missouri, latest MissouriNet poll shows former Republican Gov. **Kit Bond** leading **Harriett Woods**, 50 to 42. Mrs. Woods's campaign is in general disarray; she has managed to turn veterans' groups off by accepting $2,000 contribution from **Jane Fonda**. . . . In Alabama, Sen. **Jeremiah Denton** continues to hold a slim lead, and in North Carolina, Democrat **Terry Sanford**—now facing an incumbent senator, former Rep. **James Broyhill**—has slipped. . . . But Democrats continue to look good in Florida (*v.* **Paula Hawkins**), in Illinois (Democratic incumbent **Alan Dixon** leads **Judy Koehler** by thirty to forty points), and in California (where the race is much closer: **Alan Cranston**, 48; **Ed Zschau**, 41). . . . New polls show Sen. **Arlen Specter** doing well against very liberal Rep. **Bob Edgar** in Pennsylvania. Edgar has gotten endorsement of state AFL-CIO despite



Wheeler, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

Specter's pro-labor voting record. But Specter is showing weakness in former GOP bastions, presumably because of his anti-Administration votes on confirmations of **Brad Reynolds** and **Daniel Manion**, among others. . . . Hardly the way to endear yourself to a prospective colleague: In Wisconsin (primary Sept. 9), Democratic senatorial nominee **Ed Garvey** told *People* magazine that Sen. **William Proxmire** would have endorsed him if Proxmire "hadn't died in 1974."

Other races: In Michigan, Democrat-turned-Republican Wayne County Executive **William Lucas** handily won nomination in Aug. 5 gubernatorial primary, running against industrialist **Dick Chrysler**. It will be an uphill battle for Lucas against incumbent **James Blanchard**. . . . Win one, lose one: **Adlai Stevenson III** got the signatures he needed in time to get his Solidarity Party on the slate Nov. 4, but his opponent, GOP Gov. **James Thompson**, has endorsement of Illinois AFL-CIO. A kind of backhanded endorsement, however. Labor delegate **Tom Stockton** says: "What you saw here today was not an endorsement for a good governor, but rather an anti-Adlai sentiment that prevails." . . . Radical *Guardian* is alarmed that two leftmost candidates in Massachusetts's 8th CD may knock each other out in that crowded Sept. 16 primary, turning nomination over to rightmost candidate (brace yourselves), **Joseph Kennedy II**. *Guardian* urges black radical **Mel King** to bow out and leave the field to **George Bachrach**.

It was Radical Chic time again when **Daniel Ortega** came to town. [See also "The Divine Ortega," p. 15.] **Mary Travers** (of **Peter, Paul**, and Mary) welcomed him. He preached at the Park Slope Methodist Church, where Pastor **Finley Scheaf** told Ortega that his congregation had "a deep sense of shame" over American support for the Contras. . . . **William Sloane Coffin** of Riverside Church reports that Ortega "made a great [apparently successful] effort" to explain to him that the expulsion of two prominent Roman Catholic priests was not anti-church, but "actions against individuals who had broken the law." . . . They and *La Prensa* people were lucky, Ortega had earlier told an anniversary rally in Managua, to escape prison sentences of at least thirty years. . . . Neither Cardinal **O'Connor** nor Bishop **Malone** would meet with Ortega. He was advised that if he wanted to seek a dialogue with the Church he should start with **Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo**.

Last call to register for **National Journalism Center** fall session starting Sept. 22. It lasts 12 weeks, pays $100 a week, provides practical training in research, writing, editing, plus experience working under professional journalists. (Contact **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline**, 517 2nd Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.)

Could it have been the same **Edward Kennedy** we saw haranguing **William Rehnquist** about restrictive covenants in the Senate last week who told UPI that his brother **John F. Kennedy** could not have known about the "deplorable" restrictive clause in the deed of the Georgetown house JFK owned at the time he was elected?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

☐ Louis Farrakhan was in Indian country the other day, visiting a group of Navahos who had been displaced by a Hopi territorial claim. When the Windy City windbag drove up to the Navahos' settlement in his shiny new Mercedes, he asked the Indians if there was anything he could do to help them. One of them replied, "You can start by giving us your car." Call it Mau-Mauing the Mullah.

☐ Is the Left finally getting the message about judicial activism? An editorial in the August *Progressive* says it all: "Reliance on the courts was a shortcut that is finally catching up with us. Rather than hash out tough political fights in the legislatures, city halls, and town councils across the country, activists went directly to the courts to redress grievances. . . . Now that the benches have gone conservative, filing a law suit may be the last form of action we should take." Good start, gang. Now let's get on with the Rehnquist confirmation.

☐ Poor George Bush. It is only mid-year 1986, but already his every move (clumsy or otherwise) is being scrutinized, analyzed, criticized, and televised in the light of what it means for election year 1988. Even in the Middle East, the shadow of New Hampshire haunts him. Vice-presidential missions abroad have normally been pretty staid affairs, burdened with protocol, weariness, and general ennui. They occur only because Vice Presidents need something to do. Bush, however, by taking along an oversized army of political hacks as advance men and by trying to turn a humdrum little tour into stop after monumental stop of Kissingerian rhetorical overkill, has given new meaning to the proverb, "Hope springs eternal." His major contribution to Middle East politics may have been to give the Arabs and the Israelis an unobstructed glimpse into the carnival of U.S. domestic politics.

☐ George Shultz keeps getting better looking every day. During a Senate hearing on South Africa, the Secretary of State interrupted a Biden-in-'88 campaign speech to warn the senator from Delaware, "Just because I'm Secretary of State, you can't kick me around—I'm a taxpayer."

☐ Between March 1 and June 5 of this year, members and friends of the African National Congress (ANC) killed 172 South African blacks by hanging an old tire filled with gasoline around the victim's neck and setting it afire, having first chopped off his hands. The victim of a "necklace" fire-lynching takes about twenty minutes to die, giving his killers plenty of time to gloat. Bishop Desmond ("The West can go to hell") Tutu deplores this method of murdering non-revolutionary blacks, but Winnie Mandela, the ANC's answer to La Pasionaria, applauds: "Together, hand in hand," Agence France-Presse quoted her on April 11, "with our boxes of matches and our necklaces, we shall liberate this country." Since support in the U.S. Congress for the ANC has increased *pari passu* along with the killings, the revolutionaries may be getting a false signal. They evidently believe that a few hundred (thousand?) more necklacings will clinch their claim to be the rightful rulers of South Africa.

☐ Mario Vargas Llosa is not a household name in the United States, but he happens to be one of Latin America's leading novelists, and is he ever sore! He has blasted European intellectuals and politicians for their political and material support of the Sandinista Communists and for their lack of support for Latin American democratic governments. The democracies, he says, receive very little economic aid compared to what Communist Managua is getting. Referring to funds given to the Nicaraguan "popular church" by Western European governments, Vargas Llosa declared flatly that there is no such church. The only popular churchman in Nicaragua today, he said, is Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo, an "authentic leader who reaches the heart of the people." Mario Vargas Llosa

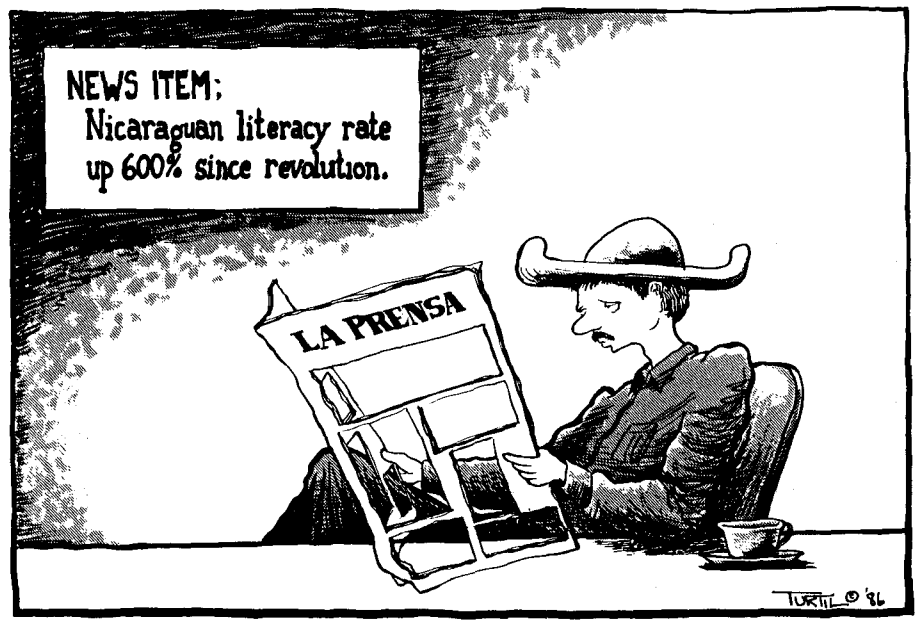
Lenin's Useful Idiots

Some people, who would never go
Inside a spider's parlor, show
  No common sense
When Nicaragua jettisons
All but a few selected nuns
  "For self-defense."

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has thus ruled himself out for the next 106 literary awards to be given around the world



Turtil / Rothco

☐ "It's an unimpressive stretch of sea floor, a rolling, hummocky, alpine type of meadow . . . very gently undulating . . . very peaceful, very quiet, almost like a desert. And then you come to the end of it," said Dr. Robert Ballard of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. "There's this wall." The wall is the multi-storied *Titanic*, her long, once-sleek flanks streams of rust, seen through the eyes of the robot camera Jason Jr., which, before the search is over, will have snapped 57,000 pictures of the wreck. She lies a full two thousand fathoms deep. Any wood is long gone, eaten away, eroded, but the brass remains, brightly polished by the ocean currents. A coffee cup still balances on a rusting boiler. That three-hundred-foot gash the iceberg was believed to have torn in her side—part of the legend—turns out to be popped rivets. She's not a mausoleum: The bodies of the hundreds who sank to the floor of the ocean when the great ship went down have long since disappeared. As has the Edwardian era that launched the world's greatest liner—the ship that could not sink. Because she could not sink there were not enough lifeboats. Because she could not sink the skipper pushed her along at 22 knots despite warnings of iceberg fields ahead. Because she could not sink no one on the *Carpathia*, the liner that might have arrived in time, believed the flares in the night could have come from the *Titanic*. Because that was the way it was done, the women and children went into the lifeboats with no men to man the oars. It was magnificent. It was tragic. As Jeffrey Hart pointed out in his syndicated column, it was the same mentality—the pride, the overconfidence, even the bureaucratic mindset—that would a few years later lead to Verdun and the Somme. Like Icarus—like their grandchildren who ordered the *Challenger* to lift off last January—the men who built and manned the *Titanic* flew too high.

☐ A police officer in Anchorage, Alaska, giving chase to an assault suspect fired three shots, one of them hitting the man in the shoulder. A police review board subsequently found the shooting "unnecessary and unjustified" and ordered the cop to resign from the force and forfeit his $52,000 salary. He then applied for workers' compensation, saying that his life had become a nightmare of stress and anxiety, and received an annual compensation of $37,336. He then applied for disability payments and qualified for $34,800 a year for "psychological disability." All of which means that he now makes $20,000 more a year for doing absolutely nothing than he used to make as a police officer, but at least he's not shooting people any more, so you see, welfare works after all.

☐ The European Economic Community is toying with new regulations that would limit certain American imports. The Office of the U.S. Trade Representative announces that, in retaliation, it is toying with regulations that would restrict the import of European wine, cheese, and mineral water, and say good-bye to yuppie parties. We have never understood bureaucrats.

☐ WE DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY WERE STUDYING DEPT.: Some fourth-graders in Massachusetts decided to propose corn muffins as the official muffins in that state, then lobbied the measure into law. The governor asked what they would do if he refused to sign the bill. "We'd break down and cry," replied the corn-muffin lobby. You see what we mean about Massachusetts.

☐ A patriot in Burlington, Vermont, vowing "vengeance" against certain state nonfeasance, donned a mask and gloves and, in dead of night, planted pine trees in city potholes.

☐ The faculty senate of the University of California has refused to prohibit what it delicately terms "love affairs" between faculty and students. It may be inferred that high grades have commercial value, and that professors are happily aware of it.

☐ No sooner was Conan, the 22-pound, 154-year-old lobster, rescued from the stewpot by public outcry than it died of natural causes in its new humanitarian surroundings, and will get a quiet burial. That's an awful lot of lobster to waste on the crustacean-rights movement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

IN SLACK AUGUST, with Congress out, the humidity and torpor of this Southern city breed all kinds of political conjecture. The town is now buzzing about a 1988 Republican "dream ticket"—Bush/Laxalt. This political combo is perceived to appeal to: 1) the East and the South (Bush) and the West (Laxalt); 2) conservatives and moderate conservatives; 3) Ronald and Nancy Reagan. (Carol Laxalt and Nancy are socially as thick as thieves.) The problem: Laxalt has all but irreversibly ruled out the Veep spot.

There's no mistaking that the laid-back Laxalt now wants to be President, having gotten the okay of his family, and confident of winning (or the equivalent thereof) the libel suit he has brought against the McClatchy newspapers. "Paul gets an A+ for effectively positioning himself," notes a Reaganite senator from the Midwest. "He gets round after round of very positive press." The senator is referring to feature pieces that have appeared in the *Washington Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and *Washington Times*, among others. "All add up to a lightning-fast, very positive start," says the senator, "but the next steps will be tougher. How long will the honeymoon with the press last?"

Laxalt now needs to raise seed money, engage a pollster, organize a cadre of key advisors, and flesh out his program for America's future. "Laxalt needs a stump speech that separates him—but not too much—from simply being a Reaganite advocate. He's got to become a viable contender with an original view of the Presidency," observes a Democratic strategist. "Laxalt's rhetoric has never been newsworthy. That has to change."

What it comes down to is that the Nevada senator, retiring this year, has launched a big presidential balloon, but it won't stay inflated by itself. Some observers doubt that he can keep it pumped up, but the Bush people are deathly afraid that he can.

The last ninety days have been Bob Packwood's finest since he came to the Senate 17 years ago. That's the bi-partisan plaudit here. "He's doing beautifully with his colleagues on the Finance Committee and other senators," notes a White House insider. "He's also getting good press, and his status with the Administration is at least okay."

As chairman of the Finance Committee, Packwood increased his stature incredibly. When GOP senators were choosing a new Majority Leader in November 1984, after Howard Baker quit, some argued that the most compelling reason to vote against Bob Dole was that "loose-cannon" Packwood would succeed him as Finance chairman. That troubling talk has now totally evaporated. "The jagged edges of Packwood's old Commerce chairmanship have been totally smoothed over," opines a GOP senator and quondam Packwood critic. "Tax reform is what makes Bob the biggest Washington winner for '86 so far," adds the senator.

But how will Packwood use his higher springboard? "He's got to get re-elected in November," says a Packwood staff strategist, "but watch out after that." Packwood has put his toe in the presidential waters before, but in '88 he might wind up hustling the second spot on the ticket. His geography wouldn't work with Laxalt's (West), but it would with Bush's (South and East), or Dole's (Midwest), or Jack Kemp's (East), or Howard Baker's (South).

Badly needed product-liability reform is fizzling again, alas. The bill reported out of the Senate Commerce Committee recently, pushed by reform point man Bob Kasten (R., Wis.), who has been carrying the burden of this toughy for five years, is getting lukewarm-to-cool support from the White House and the Administration generally. Committee Chairman Jack Danforth (R., Mo.) is likewise beginning to wobble, worrying about certain controversial provisions of the bill. The measure may still reach the Senate floor before year's end, as earlier predicted by this scribe, but look for more serious consideration in 1987. —CATO

☐ ADVICE TO THE UNWARY: Legal process has revealed that it is unlawful to perform tattoos in the state of Indiana without a medical degree.

☐ Nominations for the 1986 Bore of the Year Award are already closed. Joe Biden is a shoo-in.

Show Trial '86

AT LEAST William Rehnquist's interrogators haven't pretended to be worried about his spelling. That's the most that can be said for them. The liberal tribe has abandoned its usual posture of being concerned only about "procedure" or "competence" and is attacking on nakedly ideological grounds.

Rehnquist's competence is not in question. He is a brilliant jurist. And his nomination probably can't be blocked. So the tactic is to create maximum embarrassment along the way.

There were the restrictive covenants on two of Rehnquist's property deeds. Turns out they were quite conventional and are long since defunct. Jack Kennedy had one on the Georgetown house he bought in 1957; he also voted for the 1957 Civil Rights Act.

There were the charges Rehnquist had "harassed" black voters in the early Sixties. I.e., he had challenged their competence under the law. In fact, Rehnquist was playing by the rules, which in those barbarous days required voters to know how to read.

On the brighter side, it's always fun watching Ted Kennedy inquire into other people's probity. Since the transcripts of the Chappaquiddick inquest are still under lock and key, Kennedy was no doubt glad to be able to stand back and let his colleagues thunder their demands that the White House end its coverup of Rehnquist's Justice Department memos.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teddy's Past

I may seem super-squeamish, but
When I hear Kennedy tut-tut
Reports on Justice Rehnquist's past,
My jaw goes slack while I, aghast
As poor Aunt Pittypat, prepare
To swoon in some upholstered chair.

W. H. VON DREELE

Along the way it was also pointed out that in 1952 Rehnquist had written a brief, as a law clerk for Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, vindicating *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*. The possible merits of his argument weren't conceded or even discussed. The Democrats were plainly intent on playing to their constituency by tagging Rehnquist, in various ways, with racial heresy. Kennedy: "I think the point has to be made is the real question of the sensitivity of this nominee. The issue of civil rights." Never mind whether it parses. The game is to string out a lot of ominous buzzwords, and make the nominee sweat and stammer before the cameras.

Farm Aidsky

THE ADMINISTRATION is dedicated to making life tough for the Soviets—except during wheat-growing season. Thomas Paine wrote of sunshine patriots. When the sun shines on the Reagan Administration, it makes hay.

Ronald Reagan, and the Republican Party as a whole, have had agricultural problems with their foreign policy for years. In a Des Moines debate among six Republican presidential hopefuls in 1980, all but John Anderson (remember him?) opposed the Carter Administration's grain embargo, which had been imposed in response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Candidate Reagan, who was not present at the debate, announced that he agreed with the timorous. The following year, President Reagan lifted the embargo, making a mockery of his own efforts to persuade our Western European allies to forgo the Siberian natural-gas pipeline.

Grain was different from gas, the Administration lamely explained, because the Soviets were paying for the grain, whereas the Europeans were subsidizing construction of the pipeline. That fig leaf has now been twitched away, as American farmers will be paid as much as $75 million by the U.S. Government to sell 3.85 million metric tons of wheat to the Soviets for as much as $25 a ton less than domestic prices.

The extenuators have been busy pointing out that 1) without the deal, the depressed farm economy may swing half a dozen Senate seats—and control of the Senate itself—away from the GOP, thus crippling Reagan's foreign policy down the line; 2) the subsidy is only a one-shot deal, to induce Moscow to fulfill a four-million-ton contract it signed in 1983, and on which it was balking. Senator Mark Andrews (R., N.D.), demonstrating that once the argument over your profession has given way to the argument over your price, you might as well dicker for the best price, has called for a permanent subsidy program.

The extenuators have their work cut out for them. In return for a desperate grasp at the Senate, Reagan has pre-emptively conceded any future trade dispute with the Europeans—or with the Andrewses of this country, for that matter. When the next pipeline comes along—or the next precision drill bit, or piece of software, or silo of grain—the eager rope-sellers will not tarry a moment over the White House's hypocritical protests, but go directly, to see how these things are done, to the U.S.-Soviet Chamber of Commerce —which they will find at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Divine Ortega

THE SACRED HOPE passes from place to place, but the hope itself never seems to die. For if the salt have lost its savor, where then is the meaning of life?

An early book about the intellectuals' disillusionment with Communism was called *The God That Failed*. Its title was wildly optimistic. The god did not fail. He dies, of course, but he rises again. The sacred hope re-establishes itself in a new location.

The god once resided in the Soviet Union, resided for some time, and his pilgrims came in droves. "We have seen the future, and it works." But finally the dark truth of the Gulag proved too much. Hardly anyone worships the god in that temple any more.

But he rose from the dead, for Western believers, in Peking. "Who is the third who walks always beside you?" And, lo, he was worshipped, not least by Mr. James Reston and the *Holy Cross Quarterly*, until Deng's counter-revolution overtook the ghastly truth of Mao's rule. The god moved on. He grew a beard. "Cuba sí, yanqui no." He lived comfortably for a while in Havana. Intellectuals and preachers were regular worshippers in that temple until an extensive tropical Gulag came to light, along with the murder of poets, labor leaders, assorted dissenters, and homosexuals. The god had to take a powder. But he had also risen in Hanoi, his new incarnation being Ho Chi Minh, the "George Washington of his country," George McGovern called him. "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, / The NLF is gonna win." Only the NLF actually lost, and what survived of it went into the Gulag, as several hundred thousand ordinary citizens took to boats and rafts. Even Jane Fonda is not stressing the Hanoi connection any more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anthony Lewis claimed to discern the god in Cambodia, where they were "building a new society." That idea did not catch on. Pol Pot did not appear on T-shirts or even get a good word from McGovern.

And so it came to pass that the god now resides in Managua. His worshippers have lost none of their zeal in transferring their gaze. Even Catholic Maryknollers have changed religions, and worship the new one in Managua. They are building a "new society" there.

And thus it was that the latest avatar of the god, Mr. Daniel Ortega, came to the United States in his dark suit and designer glasses. And when he came, he paid visits to his temples: the United Nations, the Park Slope Methodist Church in Brooklyn, the Phil Donahue show, the headquarters of Jesse Jackson, and the Vatican of this god, Riverside Church in New York. Ortega was correct and precise when he called the Park Slope church a "sister church." At Riverside it came to pass that there was a heretic in the congregation, someone who actually may have been, residually, a Christian, and who asked, "Why have you been oppressing the same forces that allowed you to succeed?"—i.e., closing newspapers, expelling priests, liquidating the opposition. Hisssss, boooo, went the worshippers, as if the miscreant had been Jeane Kirkpatrick or Caspar Weinberger. No doubt they would have crucified the wretched heretic, had they not realized in time that this would awaken unwelcome theological memories.

It certainly was a bravura performance by Mr. Daniel Ortega, visiting his flock inside a country that is at war with him, sort of. Those who greeted him so warmly no doubt desire in their heart of hearts that the god take up residence right here, and the sooner the better. For obvious reasons, political and theological, Cardinal O'Connor refused to meet with the most recent avatar of old 666.

If Ortega is still in power when President Reagan leaves office, history will judge that Reagan's foreign policy has failed.

SDI on the Rocks?

EVER SINCE it was first announced in March of 1983, the Strategic Defense Initiative has been a linchpin of President Reagan's effort to develop a new, more logical approach to the problem of nuclear deterrence. The President has since come under tremendous pressure from our European allies and from the U.S. arms-control community to convert the SDI program into a mere bargaining chip—something to be traded away for a reduction in the USSR's massive land-based missile forces. Such a trade-off would relegate the whole concept of strategic defenses to the status of a clever diplomatic ploy; it would do nothing to resolve the nuclear dilemma that has so troubled the entire world since 1945.

Execrable Timing

Though goofy ministers in Rolls
No doubt sent Newcastle some coals,
And digging would uncover deals
Where Ottawa imported seals,
Increasing textile quotas from
South Africa was sort of dumb.

W. H. VON DREELE

Regrettably, there are signs the President is now straying somewhat from his original, unqualified commitment to the program. In his July 12 radio address to the nation, he said only that "SDI research" (not deployment) would not be made a bargaining chip. Then, on July 25, he sent a letter to General Secretary Gorbachev proposing a seven-and-a-half-year ban on the deployment of strategic defenses, in exchange for a commitment by the Soviet Union to reduce the number of its ICBMs.

For reasons we cannot fathom, Mr. Reagan now seems more driven to reach an arms-control agreement with the Soviets than he did during his first term, when a re-election challenge loomed.

The Strategic Defense Initiative may well be the most imaginative step the United States has ever taken toward releasing the world from the despair-ridden strategic stalemate of the nuclear age. While no mere weapons system can lead to the achievement of world peace, SDI at least broke the stranglehold of stale thinking that the philosophy of mutual assured destruction had imposed on the Western world. The program had the potential of transforming the geopolitical landscape.

The President's latest offer to Moscow threatens to undermine this emerging U.S. approach to the nuclear dilemma. If a seven-and-a-half-year limit on deployment of SDI is built into a future treaty with the Soviets, it will instantly acquire an unintended and unwarranted longevity of its own. The first effect of any such ban would be to diminish already wavering political support on the Hill for the outlays necessary to fund SDI. The program will thus be set back several years in time, regardless of how good the Administration's fundamental intentions may be. A second, possibly more deadly effect, would be to create enormous political pressures on whoever is elected President in 1992 to extend the ban for several more years. SDI would founder.

That actual deployment of a space-based system could not begin inside of seven and a half years is beside the point. There may be intermediate defensive steps the United States could take during that time, which any such ban would preclude. More important, the letter to Gorbachev may mark the begin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ning of the gradual unraveling of the Administration's greatest contribution to foreign policy: the use of common sense in dealing with arms control and the Soviet Union.

Protectionism

As we go to press, it remains uncertain whether the votes are there in the House and in the Senate to override President Reagan's veto of a protectionist textile-quota bill. With elections coming up and a large trade imbalance, the protectionist genie may escape from the bottle.

Which would be bad for just about everyone. When American industry was being born, there was a case to be made for protectionism, and it was made by Henry Clay in favor of his "American system." The much more powerful British manufacturers were ready and willing to manipulate the world market to kill off potential American competition.

But those American ventures were full of growth potential. Protectionism today represents the opposite, i.e., the protection of industries that are on the defensive and lack growth potential. They have suffered the economic equivalent of brain death, and "protection" in their case means extraordinary life support.

The proposed legislation would sharply raise the cost of textiles, shoes, and goods made of copper. That is, it would raise the cost of living for everyone. It would amount to a declaration of economic warfare against Korea, Hong Kong, and Taiwan. It might temporarily preserve some jobs in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and the South, but would risk retaliation in the international marketplace.

President Reagan personally remembers the economic warfare touched off by the notorious Smoot-Hawley protectionist tariff of 1930, and he is resolute in resisting a rerun. Needless to say, Speaker Tip O'Neill favors a veto override, protectionism, and economic demagoguery.

Why Is the Economy Slowing?

Whenever the economy slows, the political party that is out of power reacts gleefully. But those who wish to gloat this time should begin by noting a few facts.

First, the slowdown does not seem to be hurting jobs. The civilian unemployment rate dropped in July to 6.9 per cent (from 7.1), the number of people at work increasing by over 200,000. The percentage of the population employed (61.2) is at an all-time high. Second, there is no reason to believe we are entering a recession. The most recent leading indicators—which are typically down before a recession—were up slightly. The ratio of inventory to sales, for example, has not increased, meaning that inventories are not piling up.

So why is the economy slowing? A very plausible cause is tax reform. Businessmen who are not sure what the new tax laws will be have good reason to postpone investments. Because of the incentives for capital formation in Reagan's 1981 tax cut, real nonresidential fixed investment (the technical term for business investment) boomed early in the recovery. In the fourth quarter of 1985, it reached an all-time high, both absolutely and relative to gross national product. But investment has fallen by 9.1 per cent in the first half of 1986. That's the bad news.

The good news is that tax reform will probably increase the long-term growth of the economy. The President's Council of Economic Advisors recently estimated that the Senate version of tax reform would increase the growth rate by three-tenths of a percentage point. While this sounds small, it amounts to about $12 billion per year. And since the major changes in the tax laws will be completed by the end of 1987, growth should increase in 1988.

Don't Ask Walter Mondale

Remember in 1984 when Walter Mondale worried that a flood of imports would destroy American jobs? That obviously hasn't happened (see above). But *something* is hurting union workers' chances of finding or keeping jobs, and a recent scholarly article the prestigious *American Economic Review* concludes that the problem is high union wages. The authors, Peter Linneman and Michael Wachter of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, found that between 1973 and 1984 more than seven million union jobs were lost. Of these, fully half were lost because of increases in union wages.

According to the study, the loss of jobs in manufacturing, construction, and mining occurred exclusively in the unionized sectors of those industries. The number of non-union jobs in those same industries actually increased. The gap between wages paid to union workers in traditionally unionized industries and wages paid to non-union workers increased more than 50 per cent between 1973 and 1984.

So union workers *are* losing jobs—because of high wages. But don't hold your breath waiting for Mondale to tell you that.

Michigan Preview

Another stage in the absurdly cumbersome Michigan delegate-selection process is over. Registered Republicans have now chosen their precinct delegates, who will next convene in county caucuses to pick delegates to the state convention, who in early 1988

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—at long last—will select the 77 lucky ones who will decide whom the state will back as the next Republican presidential nominee. (Michigan Democrats, in an unwonted display of common sense, don't even get started on all this until 1988.) What can we learn from the results, coming as they do a full year and a half before the Iowa caucuses and the crucial New Hampshire primary?

As expected, Vice President Bush, having spent $1 million in the state (more than twice what either Pat Robertson or Jack Kemp has admitted to spending), came out on top, with a projected 28 per cent of the delegates. Robertson, who gave Bush a jolt in May when his Freedom Council organizers succeeded in filing as many candidate petitions as Bush, ended up well behind him, with only 9 per cent, thus sobering up those impetuous enough to believe that Robertson's grass-roots devotion was already irresistible. [See also "Pat Robertson Seeks Lower Office," by Richard Brookhiser, p. 29.] Kemp, opting for a low profile —partly to take the edge off possible embarrassment, partly in order to concentrate on his congressional re-election race—managed to squeak ahead of Robertson with 10 per cent.

A recent poll reveals that 95 per cent of Republican voters questioned admitted they didn't know whether the precinct delegates they were to choose among had associated themselves with a particular candidate. ("And the rest," according to Remer Tyson of the *Detroit Free Press*, "lied.") As it turned out, a full 50 per cent of the delegates were uncommitted. Moreover, those delegates who make it to the national convention are not pledged ultimately to vote for the candidate they now support.

The skirmishes for early media attention and campaign momentum have now officially begun. But—need it be said?—there is a long way to go.

Averell Harriman, RIP

THERE WAS a moment there when he was an effective anti-Communist: the gestation period, in the mid-Forties, of what became liberal containment, when some of the more intelligent members of the State Department began to entertain suspicions about Stalin's postwar intentions—suspicions that were shared by almost no one else in Washington, or London. Thus Harriman, ambassador to Moscow, cabled home in September 1944 that, in the absence of straight talk from us, the Soviet Union would "become a world bully"; thus also, when Stalin proposed to horn in on the occupation of Japan, Ambassador Harriman gave him the cold shoulder.

But then, over the long years, a deadly diplomatic professionalism set in, and, with it, an even more deadly sense of equivalence. We and the Soviets shared a small planet, the main threat to which was war; and come to think of it, we were as likely to raise belligerent tensions as they were. So by the time of his last major mission, the Paris Peace Talks in the waning days of the Johnson Administration, it was the stubborn South Vietnamese (stubborn over their security) who were the problem—not the stubborn North Vietnamese (stubborn over aggression).

Though he was the type of Ivy League *rentier* for whom liberals have particular affection, his domestic political career was not as successful as Roosevelt's or Kennedy's. He squeaked into the New York governorship for one term in 1954; two years later, Harry Truman tried to get him the Democratic presidential nomination, with no luck. In his last years, his Georgetown home was a scene of Democratic partying and politicking. He died at the age of 94.

Roy Cohn, RIP

THE PUBLISHER of this journal once remarked, after an encounter with Roy Cohn, that his personality posed no threat to Jimmy Stewart. The remarkable thing about Cohn (one of the remarkable things about him) was that, with his gift for abrasion, he could nevertheless command the loyalty of so many people of disparate interests, from cardinals to Mafia godfathers. The key to this, in Roy Cohn, was his total lack of ambiguity.

Not an ideal characteristic, in point of fact, but refreshing on the occasional encounter of it. As a sometime student of the career of Senator Joe McCarthy, I came early on to the knowledge that sometimes he was right, sometimes he was wrong. For thirty years, Roy Cohn would not admit that Joe McCarthy had ever made a mistake about anything—ever.

His adversarial combativeness at the bar carried over into his lifestyle. He proudly reported to a writer doing a profile of him last year that he never paid a penny of income tax. This, he exclaimed jubilantly, was as easy to effect as to own nothing: All his law partners did was simply reimburse him his expenses, and so what if those included a luxurious house in Greenwich, a second in New York, a boat, and an airplane? So what if Internal Revenue didn't approve of those arrangements? Internal Revenue could go to hell, said Roy Cohn, or words to that effect: And who, hearing such words about Internal Revenue, could keep from experiencing an ever so surreptitious seizure of envy for the man who could say that kind of thing without going to the electric chair?

When the legal fraternity decided he had gone too far and began proceedings to disbar him, Roy Cohn denounced them—the whole lot of them—as flagitious incompetents, persecutors of the wise and the virtuous, slack-jawed cowards . . . Oh my, how they hated him, and how incomprehensible the spectacle of all those otherwise rather independent folk who trooped

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in and told the bar committee that in their judgment (in our judgment) he was a man of considerable character. He was certainly that. What else he was, or did, is a matter of dispute. But just as McCarthy was right about everything, so, Roy Cohn would have it, *he* was right about everything. And —very important—his friends were right about everything, which is why he had so many of them, never mind that, in befriending Roy Cohn, they ran certain social and professional risks.

"I would like to be a fly on the wall of the Pearly Gates the day Roy passes through," my son wrote me. Me, I'm not so sure: Certain things, about people for whom we feel a loyalty, one wouldn't want to know. But the probability is high that, after due mortification, he will make it through those gates, and that he will ever after proclaim that God never ever made a mistake, not one, and those who think otherwise are knaves, fools, simpletons, all of them hell-bound. —WFB

Mac, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

"As a display of unity, how does Ma'am feel about getting dressed up and going out on the town with the Prime Minister?"

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Just a brief comment on Mr. Herbert A. Kenny's short book commentary in NATIONAL REVIEW, July 18, page 61.

I object to his expression "fondly Englished." The word "English" is invariably a noun or (most usually) an adjective, never a verb. His usage, which I've seen before by "literati" and scholars, is flippant and offensive.

Were I to extend Mr. Kenny's solecism a bit, I could say that the United States was "fondly Englished" into saving British butts in two Great Wars; thence easily to one's being "lovingly Frenched" to no constructive purpose; but here I stray and beg to sign off.

Respectfully,
Joseph C. Towle
Mustoe, Va.

Dear Mr. Towle: Permission granted. Cordially, WFB

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Joe Sobran

You may be interested in a letter of criticism about my recent [Aug. 1] review of the Branden book on Ayn Rand. As also in my reply.

Dear Mr. Sobran:

Cancel my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW immediately. The reason for this action is your incompetent book review of *The Passion of Ayn Rand.* The review is absurd and filled with distortions, lies, and biases. It represents what I refuse to pay for.

1. Ayn Rand spoke of man as a human being—not a male. Some men disappointed her, but man in general did not.

2. Just what is "shocking individualism"? Maybe collectivism or statism is what NATIONAL REVIEW stands for. Unlike NATIONAL REVIEW, which finds it necessary to beg every few months for financial help, Ayn Rand lived and prospered by writing books that sold twenty million copies.

3. "Rand was impossible." Obviously a person who lives by principles as she did is a threat to you. To make the analogy between her and Khomeini is inaccurate, unfair, and indicates just how shallow your understanding of Rand is. She was *for life* and never *forced* her philosophy upon anyone, unlike Khomeini, who espouses "Khomeini's way or die!" Good analogies require more than a surface knowledge of the subject.

4. Just what is eccentric about a person who translates a philosophy into reality and not only preaches, but lives it? Is preaching what you don't practice your way? Your ignorance of her literary preferences and the underlying reasons for these is shocking. Her criticism of Shakespeare was because his works lacked true heroes—he emphasized tragedy. While she did mention, when pressed, that she liked Mickey Spillane (also because of the heroic element), she greatly ad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mired Victor Hugo. It is heartening to realize that you can only attack Rand by distorting facts or by deleting pieces of information.

6. What she did to Frank O'Connor was to be honest about her ethics of love and about whom she admired. Frank could have left, but *chose* to stay. What she did is the point of the book—she was a human being who thought she found a hero. You do not mention that she was honest in every aspect of her life.

7. Ayn Rand had no superiors except *maybe* Aristotle. She was not second to anyone else.

I am shocked that an editor like yourself does not know the most elemental principles of book reviewing—focusing on the book and its merits, not engaging in character assassinations of the subject of the book. If you want to write a treatise condemning Ayn Rand, write your own book. Your kind of book review moves us on the unhappy road toward literary censorship. When we start judging the people about whom books are written, rather than the work itself, we are in big trouble. . . .

It is unfortunate that you could not discipline yourself and put aside your adolescent prejudices about Ayn Rand, the person, and write a useful assessment of the book.

Please refund the remaining amount of my subscription.

Sincerely yours,
Victor Sperandeo
Managing Partner
Hugo Securities Company
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Sperandeo:

1. My impression is that most men—i.e., people—disappointed Miss Rand. I don't see how any reader of Barbara Branden's book could think otherwise.

2. "Shocking individualism" is individualism that shocks. That's not a criticism.

3. Ayn Rand *was* impossible. So are people who can't get a joke about Khomeini.

4. I still say Shakespeare is better than Mickey Spillane. Please don't embarrass Mickey by pressing the point.

5. You don't have a fifth point, so I win this one easily.

6. What she did to her husband, Frank O'Connor, was to cuckold him.

7. What I said about Mickey Spillane goes double for Aristotle.

I don't get your other points. I'm getting into character assassination for evaluating the subject of a biography rather than her ideas? I'm headed for censorship when I praise the book I'm reviewing? And why is the road to censorship "unhappy"?

My adolescent prejudices are all in *favor* of Ayn Rand. It's my maturer judgment that has reservations.

In short, your letter is so full of distortions, lies, and biases that I refuse to cancel your subscription.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph Sobran

☐ Memo to: Our readers
From: WFB

A faithful reader of *NR*, Louis Wilson Ingram Jr., who recently traveled to Malawi under the auspices of the USIA, believes that some other reader of NATIONAL REVIEW has a spare fire truck, or knows somebody who has one. No, we are not kidding. Mr. Ingram (address: Box 6148, Alexandria, Va. 22306) writes that the community of Mzuzu in northern Malawi (pop.: 34,000) has no fire-fighting equipment other than one unit dedicated to the local commercial airport. "The initial challenge," writes Mr. Ingram, "is to locate the equipment, and I am counting on the certainty that one or more readers of NATIONAL REVIEW know where, or can find out where, an old pumper and an old tanker could be hiding, trucks that could become the polished-proud possession of a poor but growing African town which has just been given 'city' status." Well?

☐ Dear Bill:

I don't know if I would have been eligible for Nika Hazelton's Famous Last Words Contest [1985], but here are a few idle thoughts on the matter. Use as you wish.

Catherine de' Medici: "I could have sworn that *that* was *your* wine glass, and *this* . . ."
Alexander Hamilton: "Brr."
Nero: "Oh, fiddle!"
Eve: "I want to make it clear to future metaphysicians that I did not bear any daughters."
Don Lipsett: "On the whole I'd rather be in Philadelphia."
Einstein: "Please inform my relatives."
Brendan Behan: "I've only had 18—one more won't hurt."
Dylan Thomas: "Nineteen? That's nothing."
Edison: "Who turned out the lights?"
Nostradamus: "I should have seen this coming."
Karl Marx: "Give me an opiate—quick!"
Richard Burton: "I wish I'd kept a piece of the rock."
Frank S. Meyer: "One may, doubtless, accept triune doctrinalism on the basis of a rational teleology, but as I was saying . . ."
Gertrude Stein did not say anything, but rose, arose, arose, arose.

Best,
Tim [Wheeler]
Shelbyville, Ind.

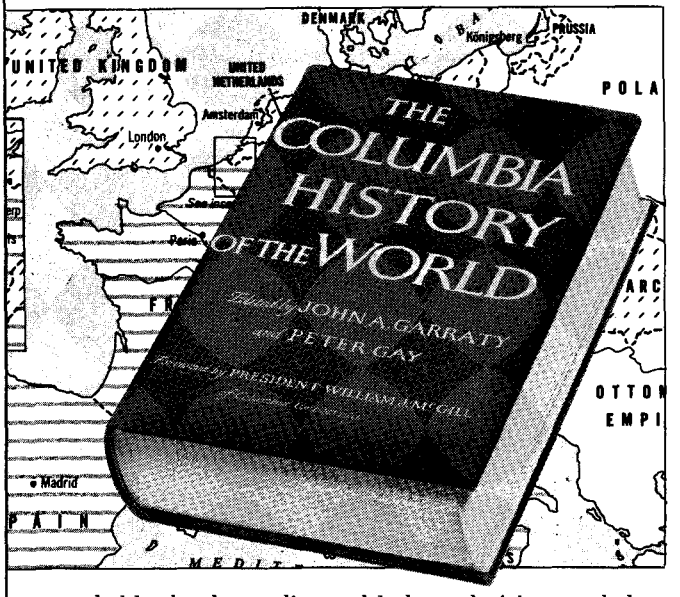
—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Presents

The History of the World in One Brilliant Volume!

This classic work represents the best efforts of Columbia University's most renowned scholars. Its scope is monumental, covering all aspects of our history from the beginning of the universe to the present day. Add to this its remarkable depth, quality and balanced vision, and the result is a volume of unrivaled scholarship and authority.



The Story Behind the *Columbia History*

The creation of the *Columbia History* was among the most important scholarly projects of recent years. A team of 40 Columbia professors collaborated on it, including historians, economists, political scientists, sociologists, biologists and astronomers. Each scholar contributed sections on his subject or period of expertise. Editors Peter Gay and John A. Garraty, both eminent historians and writers, interwove the material into a cogent narrative of the world's history.

A Book of Permanent Value—for Only $9.95

Unlike most books today, the *Columbia History* has enough reading material for several lifetimes of reading. Over the years, you'll turn to the *Columbia History* to explore new areas of interest and reread the sections that have always fascinated you. You will have an ever-growing understanding of Western civilization's origins and progress, plus an expanding awareness of non-Western history and culture. *The Columbia History* is a perfect addition to anyone's library because it is both a well-written historical narrative and an authoritative reference work.

Most books of this scope, size, and permanent value sell for exorbitant prices, but thanks to Barnes & Noble's 60% discount, the *Columbia History* costs only *$9.95*. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a life-long investment in learning and a reference you'll turn to often.

Why Everyone Needs a World History

Let's face it—most of us, whatever our educational credentials, have large gaps in our knowledge of history. There are whole eras and countries we know nothing about; even in familiar subjects, we're sometimes a bit hazy on the sequence of events. A book of world history, particularly an excellent one like the *Columbia*, can fill the gaps in our learning and give us a solid chronological framework. Nearly 100 distinctively drawn and rigorously reasearched maps visually document the world as it evolved from the ancient past to the brooding present. 1,237pp.

SPECIAL OFFER
60% Discount
Published at $25.00
NOW ONLY $9.95

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873
126 Fifth Ave.
Dept. C110
N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1041631. Please rush me____copies of the *Columbia History of the World* at your special sale price of $9.95 (plus $1.25 postage and handling).
N.Y., N.J., PA., MASS., res. add sales tax

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip_____

✓ *Charge It!* ☐ American Express Card ☐ MasterCard ☐ ☐ VISA

Account # _____ Exp.
Signature _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH AFRICA CHRONICLE, ALAS

THE PRESIDENT'S July 22 TV speech on South Africa was botched in content, and misconceived as strategy. Mr. Reagan reckoned he owed Maggie Thatcher a favor: There she stood, the Iron Lady, manning the ramparts in splendid isolation, repelling not only the Commonwealth but even her own Queen on the issue of sanctions. Her cause was just, her courage ennobling. The President would go to her side and knock the socks off the South African sanctioneers. Alas, the sanctioneers still have their socks on. Indeed, they are marching toward Pretoria with a new spring in their step that says, "Thanks, Mr. President, we needed that."

Concentration was also wanting. To choose that moment to sign a textile agreement guaranteeing South Africa a share—albeit piddling—of the U.S. market was, to say the least, "inattentive," as one Reaganite senator put it. In reality, the pact would sensibly limit South African exports, which have been expanding wildly over the past two years. But reality is irrelevant in the sanctions debate.

There were basically three schools of thought on the speech. The first, espoused by White House Communications Director Patrick Buchanan and former National Security Council Africanist Phil Ringdahl, called for the President to hold the no-further-sanctions line, blast the African National Congress (ANC) as Communist, and excoriate apartheid in principle while stressing that, however bad things might look on television, the South African government was in fact moving away from apartheid. Theoretically this had a number of merits. It was sincere, it would rally dispirited allies on the Hill, and tactically it might earn the Brits a less intransigent hearing when Sir Geoffrey Howe went to see President P. W. Botha.

The second school was headed by Donald Regan. For him, the furor over South Africa was an "irritating sideshow," as one White House insider described the chief of staff's assessment, orchestrated by foreign-policy illiterates trying to bully the President. Regan's advice was: Don't dirty your hands with such silliness. For a while the President bought it. When that was overruled, Regan urged that the sanctioneers at least be thrown something to chew on, specifically a black ambassador, Robert Brown, whom Richard Nixon had been pushing.

School number three, George Shultz and the State Department's Africa bureau, didn't like the Brown idea at all. But they did want a speech—their speech, one that would deal gently with the ANC. Chester Crocker's deputy, Charles Freeman, was already trying to arrange a high-profile meeting with ANC leader Oliver Tambo.

School II (Regan) had obviously lost the war but, despite Brown's undignified departure, salvaged at least the idea of a black ambassador (to be named later). School III (Shultz) was ahead on points, but School I (Buchanan) clawed its way, sentence by sentence, with pastepot and tweezers, to victory: President Reagan gave a ringing endorsement of Mrs. Thatcher's *no pasarán*.

For Buchanan & Co. the postpartum bliss was short-lived. The Senate leadership, which had been hoping for an excuse to leave South Africa policy in the White House's hands, was aghast, the more so since South Africa's ambassador appeared before the cameras to announce that President Reagan had gotten it exactly right. One Republican senator remarked to his foreign-policy aide, "What a fiasco. I've got no choice. It's sanctions."

The following morning, facing the embarrassing amateur theatrics of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's Joe Biden (D., Del.), Shultz delivered the speech he thought the President ought to have given. The case against economic sanctions, lost in the Buchanan text, was compellingly made. Pretoria was already destroying its own economy, declared Shultz, so why "dilute the message" by giving the Boers a chance to blame someone else? But this was not to say that other "steps"—such as bans on landing rights—might not be usefully taken.

Shultz and the Senate leadership, as Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Richard Lugar was later to admit, had now become de facto allies, concocting an entirely new policy framework under which visas would be denied, U.S. bank accounts would be frozen, and travel to the U.S. would be made prohibitively expensive. Even Teddy Kennedy liked it.

PRESIDENT REAGAN himself caved quickly. Larry Speakes downgraded the major policy address to a "tactic," simply part of a "very tactical foreign policy." To think that the President was against all sanctions, the spokesman insinuated, was absurd. Only Buchanan was left, muttering about the inequity of airline bans, especially since the one against Aeroflot had been lifted although Russia's missiles were still aimed at the American heartland.

For his part, Lugar is prepared to expedite a bill in hopes that Senate passage before the August 15 recess, in and of itself, will send all concerned the correct signal. The Shultz-Lugar "steps" will be incorporated into the "rifle-shot" sanctions already in place by executive order. Then Lugar won't have to compromise in conference with the draconian punishments of the earlier House bill.

Not that any of this will do much good in getting the Afrikaners to see things our way. They have already made up their minds whom they are afraid of, and it is not us. But that's hardly the point, is it? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GET HENRI TOD!

From both sides of the Iron Curtain the order went out—get Henri Tod. Henri had to be stopped at all costs, because he was up to something so wildly audacious it actually made sense. And for once the CIA agreed with the Kremlin—which put Blackford Oakes in the middle. It will put *you* on the edge of your seat, from the opening pages to the shattering climax. Blacky Oakes never had an assignment like this before, and it makes for one whale of a book.

The Story of Henri Tod, a national best-seller, is a blend of fact and fiction so artfully executed that after a few pages you won't *know* fact from fiction—or care. By then you'll be caught up in an engrossing tale of suspenseful twists and turns that will have you rooting for Henri Tod to pull off his daring caper. With a little help from Blacky Oakes, of course.

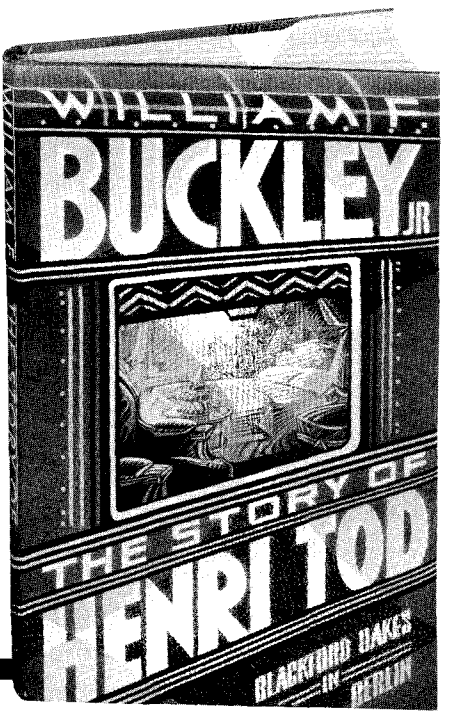
The Story of Henri Tod is—many critics say—the best so far in William Buckley's series of spy thrillers. For boldly imagined, superbly plotted adventure you just can't beat this one. It's a classic thriller. So get yourself a copy as fast as you can and prepare to enjoy yourself.

Here's how you can get Henri Tod

It's easy. You can get this original hard-cover edition FREE and postpaid (retail price, a stiff $14.95) just by entering a new subscription to *National Review* for a full year—or by extending your *present* subscription for another year, *no matter when it is due to expire.* It's as simple as that.

The benefits are three-fold. You make sure you'll have NR handy, and not miss a single stimulating issue. You save the full price of the book, putting you $14.95 to the good. Finally, you'll get that FREE book as fast as we can send it to you to enjoy to your heart's content.

But time is important. Send for your copy of *Henri Tod* today, while our supply lasts, because this offer *expires* as soon as the last book goes into the mailbag. Simply use the convenient card opposite this page today. We'll do the rest.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FORCE OF MYTH

I WAITED FOR IT with some apprehension: the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War on July 18. My apprehension was justified. The *Times* of London, anticipating the event, in its issue of the 16th reproduced the notorious article by its correspondent George Lowther Steer "describing" the destruction of the small Basque town of Guernica by Nazi bombers. This, after all, was how the myth began, or, perhaps more accurately, how it came to be accepted as "history."

Faithful *NR* readers will recall Jeffrey Hart's splendid piece "The Great Guernica Fraud," in the issue dated January 5, 1973, and the follow-up of August 31 of that year, to which I made a minor contribution. It's no good, Jeffrey. The myth is invincible. I don't mind the *Times* reproducing Steer's article. I do object to the presentation of it as historical fact, under a headline telling readers that this was "the worst outrage of the Spanish Civil War."

The previous day, the same newspaper reprinted a piece by one H. A. R. (Kim) Philby, who at that time was its correspondent accredited to the Nationalist forces. The *Times* did have the honesty to recall that Philby's real employers were in Moscow. And in the explanatory article accompanying the Steer fantasy, readers were told, honestly enough, that the then editor of the *Times*, Geoffrey Dawson, did his best, night after night, "to keep out of the paper anything that might hurt [German] susceptibilities." But I looked in vain for any reference to Willi Muenzenberg, the Comintern's gifted myth-maker in Western Europe, hard taskmaster of Arthur Koestler, and probable mastermind of the myth of Guernica.

Before leaving the subject, I would like to draw attention to an extraordinary book—not to my knowledge available in English—entitled *Pérdidas de la Guerra*. The author, a Spanish academic named Ramón Salas Larrazabal, tiring of the wild guesses of such historians as the American Gabriel Jackson and the Briton Hugh (now Lord) Thomas, painstakingly consulted and collected local records of births and deaths from all over Spain. Without dwelling on Guernica as such, he found that the deaths caused by aircraft and artillery in all of the Basque localities, including Guernica, did not exceed five hundred. Didn't Hugh Thomas tell us, in one of the many editions of his variable masterpiece, that "1,654 people were killed, and 899 wounded" at Guernica alone?

THE SUBJECT has changed, but the myth-makers are still at it, this time with regard to Mikhail Gorbachev and the brand-new broom with which, we are told, he is sweeping out cobwebs from the Soviet system.

In the current (Summer) number of *Foreign Affairs*, Archie Brown, a Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford, and lately Visiting Professor at Columbia, has encouraging things to tell us about "change in the Soviet Union." He remarks, correctly, that "no Soviet leader in his first year of office has presided over such sweeping changes in the composition of the highest Party and state organs . . ." The operative phrase is "in his first year of office." In truth, Gorbachev has a long way to go before he offers serious competition to Stalin in the domain of removing unwanted people; but the Georgian mass exterminator did wait some years before initiating his purges.

What bothers me most about Professor Brown's analysis is that he draws some quite unwarranted conclusions from his factual observation. "The scale of the turnover, especially in key domestic and foreign-policy posts," he goes on, "raises the possibility of policy innovations worthy of the name."

First, as to the scale of the changes, it would surely be surprising if a man in his fifties, inheriting a gerontocratic establishment, should not pension off the aged supernumeraries. The generational change was going to come some time or another. It would not have been delayed so long, had it not been for the unexpectedly short reigns of Andropov and Chernenko.

Professor Brown derives hope from Gorbachev's appointment of the durable ex-ambassador to the United States, Anatoly Dobrynin, to succeed the ancient Boris Ponomarev as head of the powerful International Department of the Party's Central Committee, on the ground of Dobrynin's unrivaled knowledge of the Washington scene.

If Dobrynin had not been an unwaveringly faithful executant of the Party line, which sees America as the main enemy and the citadel of imperialism, he would not have been given his new post. His "unrivaled knowledge" will be put to good use toward the ultimate goal of destroying that citadel. This goal was restated in particularly virulent terms in the new Program of the Communist Party, approved at its 27th Congress last February. If, in the service of the ultimate goal, better relations with the U.S. are perceived as useful, then Dobrynin will prove his worth.

Brown concludes his piece on an equally unwarranted upbeat note, telling us that Gorbachev's policy innovation "requires something more from the West than the stock response." A similar appeal came from the U.S. ambassador to West Germany, Richard Burt, in a contribution to a symposium published in London by the International Institute for Strategic Studies.

Such expressions of hope and optimism are music to the ears of the likes of Dobrynin and Gorbachev. With main enemies like Brown and Burt in the citadel, who needs agents of influence? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RIGHT TO LIFE AND THE RESTORATION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

LEWIS E. LEHRMAN

THE DECLARATION of Independence and the Constitution of the United States inaugurated not only the American experiment, but also one of the great economic booms in history. Americans moved West and South, labored North and East to till the soil, build roads, finance banks, invest in new technologies, discover new methods of farming, mining, and manufacture. "We made the experiment," Lincoln wrote during the prosperity of 1854. In America "we proposed to give all a chance." Now "the fruit is before us. Look at it—think of it. Look at it in its aggregate grandeur, of extent of country and numbers of population—of ship and steamboat and rail."

In 1854, almost four score years had gone by since the Founding, and nearly as many years divided the abject poverty of Thomas Lincoln from the prosperity of his son Abraham, the "lone Whig star" of Illinois. In twenty years of hard work before 1854, Lincoln had been preoccupied with personal advance in law and politics, during which time he had focused on the great issues of economic nationalism: the tariff, the National Bank, and internal improvements. It is true that he was only one among thousands of apostles of national development and economic growth; but he was utterly devoted to their cause.

In 1853, all America basked in the glow of a prosperity Americans took as their just deserts. The period stretching from the inauguration of James Monroe in 1817 through the early 1850s has gone down in American history as the Era of Good Feeling and of Manifest Destiny—an era during which, despite the great perils faced by the infant nation at the turn of the century, America had conquered a continent and established her independence of Europe. The new nation had finally settled down.

Then, out of the Great Plains, the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 blew in upon American politics with the force of a tornado, sweeping aside the economic issues paramount in the immediate past. The old Whig Party disintegrated under the pressure of the new politics, and so in all but name did the Old Democracy, the party of Jefferson and Jackson—both parties swept aside by the gale force of a single moral issue, or what our pundits today would call a social issue. That issue, the extension of slavery to the territories, led ineluctably to the great national debate over the "unalienable right to liberty" of the black slave. It was neither the first nor the last, but it was, up to that time, the greatest debate over the first principles of the American Republic.

At first, Americans—Democrats and Whigs alike—refused to believe that the work and wealth of recent decades, not to mention the pocketbook politics of the era, would be swallowed up in a moral struggle over a single issue. But, in opening all the Western lands to slaveholding, Kansas-Nebraska shattered the spirit of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which had limited slavery to states south of 36°30′. If it were true, as Lincoln would later say, that eventually the nation must be all slave or all free, there could be little doubt in which direction the new act was taking us.

In the words of one distinguished historian of the period, Professor Gabor Borritt of Gettysburg College, Kansas-Nebraska shook national politics like Jefferson's "firebell in the night." So abrupt was the transition from preoccupation with economics and national security ("Manifest Destiny" and "Western Lands") that Abraham Lincoln, himself one of the most knowledgeable of Whig leaders on tax, tariff, and banking issues, abandoned further discussion of them. After 1854, he became almost mute on economic issues, claiming in the year he stood for President that "just now [tax, tariff, and financial affairs] cannot even obtain a hearing . . . for, whether we will or not, the question of slavery is *the* question, the all-absorbing topic of the day."

Today, six years after President Reagan's first victory, we are far along with economic expansion and just as far along with rebuilding our national defense. Financial markets have risen to new highs. Employment levels and new business formations have reached new peaks. In Libya and Grenada we have successfully, if ever so cautiously, tested our willingness once again to use force in defense of our national principles and interests. Politicians of both parties still speak as if they expect Americans, riding the wave of new prosperity at home and restored prestige abroad, to continue to focus on economic and defense issues as they have for a generation. As Vice President Bush declared in an interview in June, "Today, people vote their pocketbooks." We shall see.

For I believe that today the American people are pre-

Mr. Lehrman is the founder of the Lehrman Institute and chairman of Citizens for America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pared to put their pocketbooks back into their pockets. I believe that Americans once again are preparing to ask fundamental questions, about life and death, about our special purpose as a nation, and about the first principles and fundamental law by which, as a nation under God, we have dedicated ourselves to live. I believe that national politics during the late 1980s and the 1990s will be dominated by the great constitutional, moral, and social issues of our time.

CHIEF AMONG these issues will be the right to life. Thirteen years ago, in *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Supreme Court overthrew the common law of centuries and the statute law of fifty states, authorized abortion on demand, and thereby severed the child-about-to-be-born from the Declaration of Independence. It was in the Declaration, the organic law of the American Founding, that the Fathers of our country proclaimed the self-evident truths of our fundamental moral and constitutional law: that all men are created equal, and that all men are created by God with the unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was this original charter of the nation that the Supreme Court violated in *Roe*, without even the mandate of an election or a vote in Congress.

Five thousand days and twenty million lives later, abortion on demand has buried a nation of children as big as the whole of Canada. But far from resolving the issue of the right to life, as the Justices intended, the Court has stirred up all America and ignited the moral tinder deep in the souls of our countrymen. The Court, by creating a great debate over our fundamental law and essential character as a people, has guaranteed that abortion will surely sweep away all more mundane political considerations.

I suggest not merely that the issues of slavery and abortion are historically analogous. Rather I say that they are, in a crucial sense, the same issue. Both are but particular cases of the recurring challenge to the first principles of the American Revolution, which forbid the violation of the God-given rights of any person, no matter how convenient such a violation might be for some powerful individual or faction, or even a majority.

In the normal course of our politics we do not experience this challenge in its starkest terms. Our fundamental law, our fundamental purpose as a nation is not fully articulated in the positive law by which we govern our daily affairs. The Declaration of Independence, in which our nation's fundamental principles are stated, is not phrased in such a way as to give perfect guidance to the resolution of everyday political disputes. In the normal course of events the American people are content to let the Declaration's unalienable rights be secured by the more intricate structure of the Constitution, which by the genius of the Founding Fathers transformed the play of political interests into a dynamic balance wheel of human and civil rights. Nevertheless, the Declaration gave birth to America as an independent nation and best expresses our ultimate reason for national being.

From time to time, our ordinary politics fails us in ways too dramatic to ignore. An impasse develops in the constitutional process. A weakness shows up in the architecture of liberty. Our positive law (including even the Constitution, or its interpreters) can fail in some critical way to uphold the first principles of our national Founding. It is at such times that it becomes necessary for Americans —who seem now, as they seemed in 1854, too concerned with progress and payrolls—to reconsider the organic law written in their hearts. It is then that American politics again becomes a struggle over the meaning of the Declaration of Independence.

In our time, most leading politicians and intellectuals argue that such philosophical struggles, turning ultimately on moral and religious questions, should be excluded from American politics. With Senator Stephen Douglas, Lincoln's great opponent, who held that Kansas-Nebraska and the *Dred Scott* decision (1857) made the black man forever a slave in America, they hold that the Supreme Court can settle and has settled forever the abortion issue. They are content to accept, paraphrasing Judge Taney, that the child in the womb has no rights which Americans are bound to respect. They argue, with Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens, that only "secular interests" are fit subjects of national debate. Some even argue that the resurgence of religion and moral issues in American politics is but a passing fad, safely scorned by sophisticated pragmatists concerned with the weightier matters of wealth and weaponry.

These opinions are as unsurprising as they are unconvincing. What we hear rolling across the Potomac are the hollow, haunting echoes of the great slavery debates of the 1850s. For decades the battle over slavery had been stayed by the timely intervention of grave Whigs and eloquent Democrats who foresaw what passions would be loosed when men ceased to struggle for gain and ground and sought instead to live faithfully by the Divine standards Americans had set themselves in the Declaration. Webster and Clay, Calhoun and Douglas, prudently had sought to guide the energies of the people into economic growth and westward expansion, to mitigate, even to avoid the supervening moral and religious issues raised by the debate over slavery. The remarkable thing is how successful they were for so long in convincing Americans that slavery could be countenanced if its extent could be compromised.

But the insurgent noise would not be silenced. For the muffled murmur throughout the land was the sound of the slave, his tortured breathing rustling the pages of the Declaration of Independence, scaring up from the dry parchment the great truths placed there by Jefferson. For the needs of nation-building, for the sake of a union between slave and free states, slavery may have been legalized in the Constitution. But it was the Creator, as the Founders proclaimed in the Declaration, Who gave men the unalienable right to life and liberty. This contradiction, like a house divided, could not stand.

Just three years after the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the *Dred Scott* decision gave meaning to Lincoln's warnings; it declared the U.S., in effect, a slave nation. *Dred Scott* held that the black slave was not a person under the Constitution, and it made inviolate the property rights of slaveowners. In the very next election, the nation responded by choosing a President who had proclaimed *Dred Scott* unbinding as a "rule of political action" in virtue of the fundamental law of the Declaration and the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the territories. Six hundred thousand men and boys, the flower of American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

youth, perished in a war over the meaning of a religious and moral principle—or, in the words of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic": "As He died to make men holy, we shall die to make men free."

There is then no need to be surprised that in the battle over *Roe* v. *Wade*—wherein we deal not only with life and liberty, as in *Dred Scott*, but with life and death—moderate men and women should wish to put the fundamental issues aside. There is no reason to be astonished that so many leading intellectuals wish to believe that the Supreme Court has settled the matter. Nothing should be easier to understand than that the political, business, and academic establishments are embarrassed by the issue and affect to scorn those who raise it. After all, if the modern followers of Lincoln are right, no material bounty America bestows on her people or the world can excuse her crime. If the party of Lincoln is right, there is only one road to national rededication: to fight the evil of abortion until it is extinguished, a fight that may make the divisions of the 1960s, from which we are barely recovered, look like a family reunion.

One way of scorning the issue—one popular tune to whistle past the graveyard—is to deride abortion as a "single issue" pursued by fanatics to the detriment of the common good. Those who take this tack understand neither the issue nor their countrymen. The unalienable right to life is not, for America, a single issue, but a first principle, a self-evident truth established at its Founding. Nothing is more striking about American history than our willingness to take principles of truth and right seriously. Americans know that neither blood, nor culture, nor even locality is what binds us together. Uniquely among nations we are bound together and defined by our founding principles. It is the pragmatic politicians of the pocketbook who do not know their countrymen.

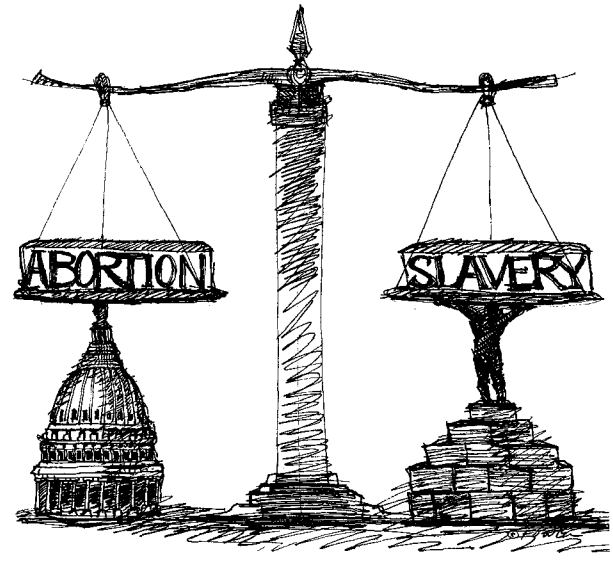
JULY 4, 1776, was an event of worldwide significance, not because a new nation was founded on the shores of the Atlantic, but because a new nation, the very first of its kind, was founded "under God," begotten, as Thomas Jefferson wrote, according to the "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God," a nation dedicated, in fact, to a religious proposition, a principle of natural theology. Consider again the phrasing: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights," to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This proposition, the great Emancipator proclaimed, is "the Father of all moral principle" among Americans, the animating spirit of our laws. By reason of this founding principle, Lincoln called his countrymen "the almost chosen people"; and it was Jefferson himself who proposed that the national seal portray Moses leading the chosen people to the promised land.

The Founders' principles of equality and unalienable rights are characterized by their universality and claim to Divine sanction. The universality of the principles makes it clear that the Founders did not mean that all human beings are or ought to be equal in all respects—height, weight, beauty, wealth. They meant instead that no person has to another the relation God has to him: Thus the rights enumerated in the Declaration are God-given, and hence "unalienable." Neither the weight of tradition nor the exigencies of statecraft can rationalize the false claim that the unalienable rights of the Declaration are a gift of the state or of the people. As Professor Harry Jaffa would put it: No man has a natural right to rule over any other man, as God does over man; thus a man may rule over another, his equal, only with his consent. This is the essential meaning of our founding law. If there were ever any doubt that we are bound by it—and the Declaration is still put at the head of the statutes-at-large of the U.S. Code and described therein as organic law—Lincoln's testimony and the general assent given it by Americans then and later should have laid that doubt permanently to rest.

But while most Americans take the Declaration seriously, we do have a tendency to fix upon its assertions of equality and liberty, quickly passing over its guarantee of an unalienable right to life as if it were merely a glittering generality. The truth is that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are a logically ordered sequence. The rights to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness derive from every man's right to his own life and are meaningless without it.

Life precedes liberty in the words of the Declaration because liberty was made for life, not life for liberty. If the right to life is omitted, then liberty is a right contingent upon force and without moral substance, and the Declaration is a nullity. Moreover, it is by reason of the unalienable right to life that all men hold the right to the fruits of their labor. A free society dissolves into an absurdity if the right to life is denied.

Abortion, like slavery, allows equals to rule over equals without their consent, depriving the child in the womb not only of the right to liberty, but of the right to life as well. But there is a disputed point: Do unborn children hold these rights? There can be no denial that they have life and have had it from the very first moment of conception: That is true in medicine as in law. But what is more important is that, as our fundamental law affirms, they hold life as a gift of the Creator—Who "created" them "equal" and "endowed them" at creation "with certain unalienable rights"—from the moment of conception. Creation does not occur at the second trimester, or at the third, or at viability, but at the very beginning of life. The usual ar-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guments about viability, intelligence, pain, quickening, meaningful life, or unwanted children are as irrelevant as earlier arguments that the poor, black slaves were better off under the rule of a benevolent master. Under the Declaration, under the Divine and natural law by which we have promised to live, the child about to be born, no less than the black slave, holds rights unconditional upon the convenience of others, rights that cannot be altered because other men place a lesser value on the life of a child in the womb.

It is no use, in extenuation, to invoke the pluralism of opinions, or the absence of consensus, as if, in the struggle over *Roe* v. *Wade*, all disagreements were merely part of a friendly historical debate; as if no lives were at stake and there were no ultimate judge to whom to make an appeal. The organic law of the American nation and the Divine law prevail over all positive law, and thus over the litigious subtleties of politicians and judges.

OUR TASK IS EASIER than Lincoln's, and its strain on the country will be less. In the Constitution Lincoln faced an explicit, if time-bound, sanction for slavery, which is lacking in the case of abortion. Each in its own time, slavery and abortion have masqueraded as the law of the land; and the abortion masquerade is utterly transparent. There is an inescapable absurdity in the Supreme Court's argument that the same Fourteenth Amendment that made the black slave a person can be used to deny the personhood of the child about to be born. In 1868, when the Fourteenth Amendment was passed, 28 of the 37 states held abortion to be a criminal act, even prior to quickening. (Over the next 15 years seven more states made abortion a crime. By the time of *Roe* v. *Wade*, in 1973, nearly all the states had criminalized abortion. There *was* a national consensus on abortion: that it is wrong.) In view of the near universality of the laws against abortion at the time the Fourteenth Amendment was passed, there can be no doubt about its intent or the meaning of the amendment today. The Court's decision in *Roe* v. *Wade* had absolutely no basis, literal or implied, in the Fourteenth Amendment. If the Fourteenth Amendment calls for anything, it calls for reversal of *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Roe v. *Wade* may for now be a legal decision of the Supreme Court; but it is unlawful in the full sense of the word. It is without any identifiable source of authority in constitutional law. In the light of logic, the moral law, and American history, *Roe* v. *Wade* is absurd; it comes to just nothing—nothing but "raw judicial power." It requires no irreverence for the letter or the spirit of the Constitution to declare that the decision must be overturned, by a subsequent Supreme Court decision if possible, but if not, then by constitutional amendment or congressional act. There is in the *Federalist Papers*, the original handbook of constitutional interpretation, a clear warrant for such a rebuke of the Court. *Federalist* Number 81 declares that if judicial "misconstructions and contraventions of the will of the Legislature" do create constitutional defects, there is a constitutional remedy. Even if the legislature cannot "reverse a [judicial] determination once made, in a particular case," it can "prescribe a new rule for future cases." Above all, and despite recent judicial imperialism, the three branches of the Federal Government are co-equal, and all subordinate to "the people" who "ordained" the Constitution to fulfill the promises of the Declaration.

Yet this argument does not end the debate. For the ultimate charge against those who would push the right to life to the top of our political agenda is that they are mixing religion and politics, trying to impose a single set of religious values on the nation. But the link between religion and American politics is indissoluble, for, at the very beginning, in the Declaration, the nation was founded upon the principles of natural religion; it would collapse without them. Jefferson himself, often falsely described as a completely secular man, acknowledged this link, writing that "The God Who gave us life, gave us liberty . . . Can the liberties of a nation be secure when we have removed a conviction that these liberties are the gift of God?"

Those who fear the intrusion of religion into politics are not all wrong. We have been well served by the consensus that excludes sectarian passions from ordinary political disputes. But when fellow Americans of good will ask us to grow quiet on the painful but fundamental issues of abortion, prayer, or pornography, for fear of starting a divisive debate over religious and moral principles, they make a rule of thumb into a rule of life. The truth is not that religion never belongs in American politics. The truth is instead, as Lincoln argued, that religion belongs in American politics only when our politics have been forced back upon first principles.

BY NATURE LINCOLN was as much politician as prophet. He was a moderate and judicious man, certainly not inclined to fanaticism. Neither was he a natural candidate for a martyr's crown. But when the crucial issue was joined, Lincoln exposed the counsels of moderation for the well-meaning sophistries they were. And he died a martyr.

Some of us, dreading the great moral conflict Lincoln faced, might have sided with Douglas. But now, more than a century later, who laments the reversal of *Dred Scott* or would rewrite history to keep the slave in chains? Who now holds up the memory of Chief Justice Taney for the honor of the ages? Who now wishes that Lincoln had used the Court's decision as an excuse to turn to other matters? Who can ever forget what Lincoln, against all polite opinion, and borne up by his faith in a just God, did for free men?

We know it intuitively. It is the Declaration's principles and Lincoln's example we must follow. Certainly not to violence. There will be no need, for, as I said at the outset, the law to which we appeal is inscribed on the hearts of all Americans, more deeply now than ever. The abyss of civil war does not lie before us. If we fail, we will have been overcome by nothing but false opinion and the petty demon of polite society—because we are afraid of the elite consensus and the inelegance of moral commitment, afraid to take on the establishment by naming the national sin, unwilling to bear witness to first principles while the party of prosperity is going so well. But to name these considerations is to know how shameful it is to hold back. We must be bold; so that for now and for all time to come, the unalienable rights to life and liberty, the promises of the Declaration of Independence, shall not perish from this earth. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

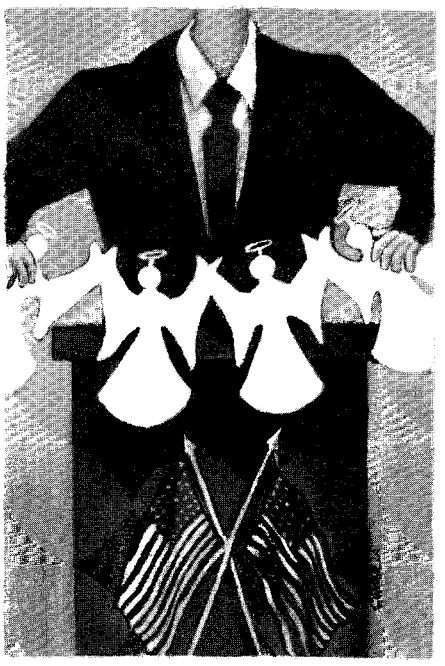
PAT ROBERTSON SEEKS LOWER OFFICE

"I HEAR AMERICA singing," wrote Whitman, "the varied carols I hear." And now, thanks to cable television, we can see the singers. PBS with its animals and Englishmen. Athletes from Jack Nicklaus to Hulk Hogan. Rock musicians wreathed in clouds of dry ice and narcissism. Ralph Kramden and James T. Kirk. Black Jews speaking Hebrew with Harlem accents. Naked porn stars interviewing ugly exhibitionists. Gene Burns in a fire chief's hat explaining the proportions of the Great Pyramid. C-Span, patient and passive, recording a press conference of the Draft Iacocca committee. Herbal Essence, Jiddhu Krishnamurti, Sybil Brunchеon. And also carrying its part in this chorus—rather, this collection of simultaneous soloists—is the Christian Broadcasting Network.

Not that CBN is your typical network. It is much richer than most, and it reaches far more people. Depending on how you count, it is anywhere from the fifth to the second largest cable network in America. Its top show, according to Nielsen, reaches one in five television households at least once a month. This year, according to its president, it should bring in $230 million in donations—"give or take $30 million." CBN News has bureaus in New York, Washington, London, Jerusalem, and Beirut. Much of CBN's programming consists of old black-and-white re-runs—*Burns and Allen*, *You Bet Your Life*, *The Rifleman*—artifacts from the pre-Babel days when there were only the three networks, and they all expressed a wholesome cultural consensus. But CBN's flagship show, *The 700 Club*, is brand new, beaming out ninety minutes a night, five nights a week. Its host, the Reverend Pat Robertson, wants to be President of the United States.

I saw Pat Robertson without the barrier of the little screen at CBN headquarters in Virginia Beach. The operation sprawls among the pencilly pines and looks to be worth every nickel it earns—all four and a half billion of them. I passed state-of-the-art control rooms, banks of phone operators manning the CBN counseling wires (CBN recently passed American Airlines as the biggest user of WATS lines in America), a sign over a doorway: THROUGH THESE DOORS PASS THE PEOPLE THAT CHRIST COUNTS ON TO MINISTER TO HIS PEOPLE. We spoke for an hour in a green room that would comfortably contain two studios of the average New York talk show.

Robertson was fresh from scoring a political upset in Michigan, of which more later, and seemed headed for another; yet for a man with these scalps on his belt, and with his ambitions, he was remarkably low-key and soft-edged—too "nice," one would think, for campaign back-stabbing and eye-gouging. He spoke with a light drawl



and the telltale "oo"—as in *aboot*, a preposition, not a piece of footgear—of tidewater Virginians.

Robertson is running as a candidate of the Right, and in the course of an hour he discussed issues in an idiom indistinguishable from that of other conservative hopefuls, with an emphasis on social and constitutional concerns. He picked as two main issues of the next election the size of government ("out of control") and the moral erosion of American life. "We're going to have to demand a return to traditional moral values. A lot of that," he acknowledged, "government can't do." But it could "sound the alarm," and "enforce laws" against drugs and porn.

A third issue of special concern, Robertson thought, to evangelical Christians, was "constitutional imbalance . . . We have fastened on ourselves something Thomas Jefferson warned about," an "unelected oligarchy"—specifically, "a small group of liberal elites which manipulate the Federal Government." Their instrument is the Supreme Court, which has become a "super-legislature." In Robertson's view, the Court has been becoming that for a long time. "John Marshall took it on himself in *Marbury* v. *Madison* and they have gotten away with it ever since." "Most social ills" have some connection to loose-cannon Court decisions: busing, abortion, the decoupling of religion and public life.

We probed some specific issues in and outside this bailiwick. Fighting abortion required a three-stage process. The first was education. Some people will seek abortions whatever the law is; Robertson recalled a law-school classmate of his who had gotten one for a girl in the Fifties. Individual restraint was therefore part of any abortion answer. Government could help by not funding abortions, or pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abortion groups (Robertson mentioned Planned Parenthood). The second step was judicial. A Robertson Administration would ask potential judges, " 'Do you really believe in the Constitution?' There's no way there's penumbras; these things are fictions." Once *Roe* v. *Wade* was overturned, an amendment prohibiting abortion would be conceivable only as a last resort. "Murder is a state matter. I personally am not wild about making the Constitution of the United States a penal code."

On free trade, he took the position of everybody from careless libertarians to textile lobbyists: Yes, but. He blamed the Smoot-Hawley tariff for converting Black Tuesday into the Depression; but he also chided the Japanese for sharp economic practices. For Nicaragua, he recommended a Contra government in exile. The Comte de Grasse, he noted, reinforced George Washington. "If [the Soviets] take a country, we have a right to get it back." Jonas Savimbi, he thought, could win in Angola. So could Renamo, the anti-Communist rebels in Mozambique.

One issue that started off outside the bailiwick wandered back in. He called NATO a "valuable alliance." On the other hand, Western Europe had suffered a "loss of élan." He mentioned European softness toward the PLO and the Soviet gas pipeline. This in turn was the result of Europe's losing its "spiritual base." Europe had entered a "post-Christian era," without finding any satisfactory replacement. "I personally don't think there *is* anything satisfactory, but if there is, they haven't found it."

I raised the question of religion directly, if obliquely. How does a self-conscious evangelical—a member, after all, of a minority—build a majority coalition? There is a majority consensus on traditional values, he replied, that goes far beyond evangelicals: blue-collar Catholics, conservative Jews, Hispanics, even blacks. "Other coalitions have to be made" with fiscal conservatives. "People are portraying evangelicals as wanting to impose their values. All we want is government not to impose socialism on us."

Had evangelicals got what they wanted from the GOP? "Not really," Robertson answered, then shifted to society as a whole: "They will not stand by and ratify decisions taken by others." Such as? "The overall secularization of society . . . an issue on which none of us has ever had a vote. Evangelicals are going to *put* it on the agenda." He ended with a joke: Since there were twenty million evangelicals in America, they were like "the thousand-pound gorilla. He sits where he wants to."

A FAVORITE mirror-image of the media is Pat Robertson and Jesse Jackson. Apart from differences in tone and education, the basis of the parallel—two Baptist clergymen making the plunge into politics—is mostly right. Mostly, but not entirely. For though Robertson did not come to politics himself until middle age, he was born into a political family. He is a descendant of one Colonel Nathaniel Harrison II, and hence a cousin, several times removed, of William Henry and Benjamin. More relevantly, he is the younger son of A. Willis Robertson, for 34 years a congressman and senator from Virginia.

The elder Robertson first went to Washington in 1932. He was a Wilsonian internationalist, and a conservationist. He voted against FDR's court-packing plan and other curlicues of the New and Fair Deals.

Senator Robertson's younger son remembers the family politicking warmly —attending the 1952 Democratic convention with his father, talking shop with him over bourbon and branch-water. His own career started in the fast track. He was Phi Beta Kappa at Washington and Lee, and took a year of graduate study at the University of London. After a tour with the Marines in Korea, he got a J.D. from Yale Law, and went to work in New York City, first at W. R. Grace, then in an electronics business of his own.

He was soon back in school, however, for in his mid-twenties, he found Christ. He has described his pre-conversion life to some interviewers in an Augustinian tone of voice; to Michael Barone of the *Washington Post*, he spoke of "upholstered sewers called nightclubs." He left them far behind. He studied for the ministry at New York Theological Seminary, spent a month at a church in Bedford-Stuyvesant ("a month was long enough"), and finally acquired a UHF station that was on the block in Portsmouth, Virginia. He paid off its debts for $37,000—$70 of it his own.

This was the seed from which, 26 years later, the WATS lines and the Beirut office sprouted. In retrospect, it is remarkable in what total obscurity, as far as the mainstream culture was concerned, Robertson and his fellow television evangelists labored and grew. Since their religion had nothing to do with German philosophy or atheism, not even religion editors noticed them. The world of the evangelicals was like Atlantis—a sunken continent of behavior and belief.

The continent was discovered at the end of the Seventies as the Atlanteans went into politics. The stimulus, in many cases, was the Supreme Court decisions Robertson complains of (for Jerry Falwell, the alarum had been *Roe* v. *Wade*). The development was rapid. In May 1979, Falwell and a group of New Right politicos held a powwow that resulted in the founding of Moral Majority. By August 1980, Ronald Reagan was telling an evangelical meeting in Dallas, "I know that you can't endorse me, but I want you to know that I endorse you."

Robertson was in Dallas, but he was not ready to get into politics yet. "My personal leading from the Lord," he wrote a fellow evangelist, "is to change society through spiritual rather than political means." By last year, Robertson had a new leading. He established the Freedom Council, a national network of grass-roots groups to encourage evangelicals to run for political office and party positions in the GOP. Three states were picked to give the organization its test runs; one of them happened to be Michigan.

Unbeknownst to Robertson, George Bush was also eyeing Michigan. It was one of the few states in which he had beaten Ronald Reagan in 1980; his friends there decided to give him a leg up for 1988 by pushing the first stage of the state delegate-selection process ahead to August 1986. Robertson got a leg up too. The August vote is to elect delegates at the precinct level, who will be attending the state party convention a year and a half from now. The campaign organizations of the various Republican hopefuls had to file candidates for these precinct slots in May. Bush and Robertson rounded up approximately the same number of delegate candidates; Jack Kemp came in third.

One Michigan Kempite, putting a brave face on things, opined that "a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

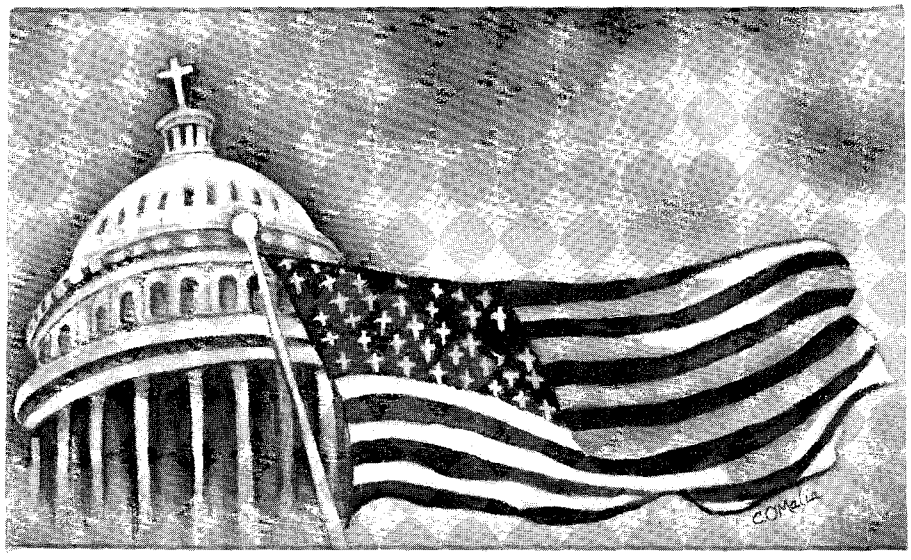
lot of Freedom Council people like Pat Robertson as their minister, but they want Jack Kemp as their President." Maybe, maybe not. Marlene Elwell, the Freedom Council's state chairman, exemplifies the kind of person Robertson attracts. A mother of five and a self-described homemaker, Mrs. Elwell is a Catholic former Democrat who got into politics through the right-to-life movement. She was a field director for Reagan's re-election, and was approached by the Freedom Council in May of 1985. Her strategy was to "band together traditional-values people, putting aside theological differences." She has a full-time paid staff of eight, three in-office and five in the field. She conceded that not all the Freedom Council's delegate candidates will necessarily vote for Robertson, but on the eve of the August vote, she was pleased with results so far. "We sure did surprise them."

IN PART, the Robertson phenomenon is one form of a more general trend in the conservative movement: the pre-Jack fling. If, as seems likely, the conservative candidate is going to be Kemp, and since, as is undeniable, he is human, and therefore imperfect, conservatives must work out their disappointment somehow. So, like bachelors looking up old flames as the wedding approaches, conservatives' eyes rove. Thus one hears of Robertson, Laxalt, Kean, Armstrong, du Pont, Kirkpatrick, Haig—almost anyone, it seems, with two forms of ID and an honorable discharge.

But that is only a part of the Robertson campaign, and the smallest part. He is what he says he is: a leader of a still-new force in Republican politics, and politics generally. It will remain when the rovers have gone home. The evangelicals may not be able to reach out as broadly as Robertson thinks they can, and by themselves they may not be able to "sit where they want to." What they can do is sit, and stand, at all the grinding gofer jobs that are necessary to make campaigns work—manning telephones, passing out fliers, ringing doorbells, going to the polls and getting their friends there. Robertson has what no one except Bush, Kemp, and possibly Dole among all the Republican hopefuls has—supporters on the ground. They can carry him and a block of delegates all the way to the Republican convention, if he wants to go there.

He won't go any farther, however, for two formidable reasons.

His religion is not one of them. *The 700 Club*, we are already being told, is where the wild things are. Robertson rebuked Hurricane Gloria; he reported cures of cancer and bone spurs; he talked of Armageddon soon. Robertson defends himself gamely against the implications critics draw from this. Armageddon, for instance, will be an act "of God Almighty that has nothing to do with human abilities whatsoever. I have no intention of helping God along in this respect." The charges probably won't hurt him significantly. After all, Jews believe that God told them not to eat shellfish, while Catholics believe He told them to eat Him. All religions reveal seeming oddities under scrutiny, and most religious people know this. The irreligious, or the anti-religious, won't be turned off, since they wouldn't have liked Robertson and traditional values anyway.



His serious difficulties have to do with his career—the jobs he has not held, and the job he has. A. Willis Robertson may have been in politics most of his adult life; but experience is not hereditary. Only twice in American history has a major party nominated a man who had neither held office nor commanded troops. The exceptions, Horace Greeley and Wendell Willkie, were desperate gambles by weak parties facing invincible incumbents. Political experience isn't everything; the most experienced politician ever to be elected President was probably James Buchanan. But the American people historically have required some.

What of the job he holds? In *Democracy in America*, Tocqueville footnotes a discussion of religion and politics with a quotation from the constitution of New York State, forbidding clergymen to hold state office. The reasoning is interesting: "Whereas the ministers of the Gospel are, by their profession, dedicated to the service of God and the care of souls, and ought not to be diverted from [these] great duties . . ." For my last question, I asked Robertson to comment.

I was wrong to have framed the point in legal language, for I got a legalistic answer. Ten years ago, Robertson said, the Supreme Court—no John Marshall talk now—struck down a similar law in Tennessee as violating the Constitution's prohibition of religious tests. "I have friends," he added, "who have told me politics would be a demotion."

Exactly. The point is not a ten-year-old Tennessee law, or a 150-year-old New York law; but the sense of propriety both laws embodied. Americans don't believe in the "wall of separation"; they don't mind their politicians employing religious tropes and arguments. They don't even mind clergymen sounding off on political issues. But they do seem to mind ministers of the Gospel running for office. There have been exceptions, but they are no more significant than Greeley and Willkie.

If ultimately Pat Robertson is a non-contender, what will he do with his delegates as the convention approaches? What all non-contenders do—sell them to the highest bidder. That's how things get put on the agenda. □

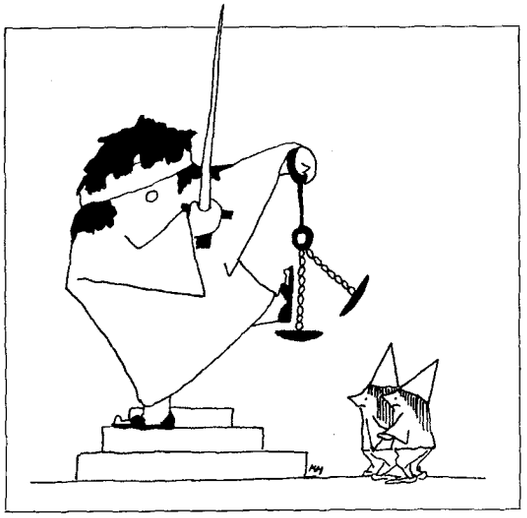
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help !!!!

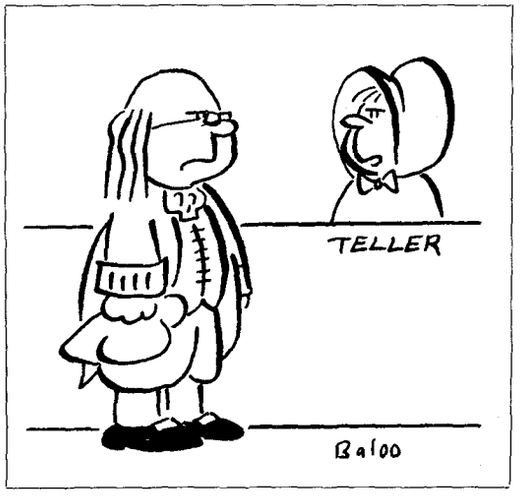
Advice for Donald Regan

Many men would rather date
  Any bubble-headed starlet
Than swing on a garden gate
  With a calculating Scarlett;
Still, I think it's best to leave
  Diamonds to a sugar daddy
Lest, like Adam squeezing Eve,
  You wind up a big-time baddy.

W. H. von Dreele

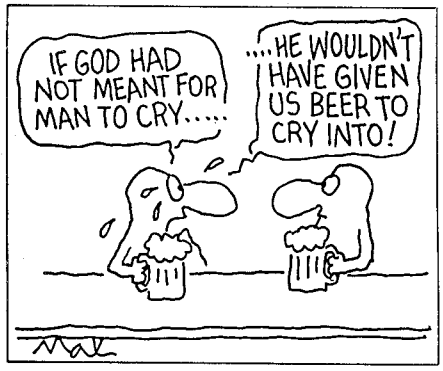


"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, 14 years for a life . . ."



"We'd appreciate it very much, Mr. Franklin, if you'd stop signing your checks 'Poor Richard.'"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



©1986 SCRIPPS HOWARD UNITED FEATURE SYND.
Bible
ANOTHER COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY READING SUBVERSIVE CIA LITERATURE! SEIZE HIM, MEN!
SANDINISTAS

Distributed by King Features Syndicate

"≥BRUUP≤ ... START ANOTHER TAB! OUR SHIP≥HIC≤THE 'GRAMM-RUDMAN' JUST SANK!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO KILLED KIKI CAMARENA?

WITH THE PRICE of oil and the standard of living falling, and political unrest on the rise, Mexico faces the prospect of serious political instability for the first time in decades. Neither Mexico nor the United States can afford to have any further strain placed on the fragile structure of Mexican politics, or to allow Mexico to be inflamed by outbreaks of anti-Americanism that might assist subversive factions. Yet the Reagan Administration's war on drugs is combining with the incredible corruption of the Mexican government to do both.

Within the past year or so, the Mexican government has arrested several of the country's most powerful drug kings, along with dozens of hired guns, including many Mexican policemen. Yet as welcome as such a development might seem in itself, the circumstances surrounding the crackdown illustrate how costly U.S. efforts to protect Americans from their own drug use can be. It took an especially odious murder in Guadalajara 17 months ago, and relentless pressure from the U.S. Government, to get Mexican authorities to act. Relations between the two countries have grown worse since, as U.S. officials have continued to demand that Mexico act against influential politicians involved in the narcotics traffic. The Mexicans in turn denounce the U.S. for meddling in their internal affairs and point out that what U.S. officials term "Mexico's drug problem" is really the United States' drug problem, created by the insatiable demand of American addicts.

The crime that finally prompted the Mexican government to act was the sadistic murder under prolonged torture of Enrique (Kiki) Camarena Salazar, 37, an agent of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), and his Mexican reconnaissance pilot, Alfredo Zavala Avelar. The killers taped more than nine hours of the torture, ending with Camarena's death. The DEA has a copy of the tape.

On February 7, 1985, Camarena was kidnapped in broad daylight within a block of the American consulate in Guadalajara. U.S. Ambassador John Gavin, aware that another DEA agent had disappeared several months earlier, immediately demanded that the Mexican authorities take action to find Camarena. The Mexican police claimed they saw no cause for alarm. Gavin became more insistent as the days went by. But though Gavin's position was perfectly reasonable, given that American DEA officials work in Mexico with the Mexican government's full consent, his request for help for Camarena seemed only to annoy the relevant Mexican officials.

Operation Camarena

IN THE FACE of Mexican resistance, Washington ordered "Operation Camarena" all along the Mexican border. Every car entering the United States was meticulously searched for the DEA agent, dead or alive, so that the crossing, which usually takes five minutes, took five hours. Travelers fumed, radiators boiled, and business on both sides of the border was throttled for more than a week.

The DEA suspected that Camarena's kidnapping had been engineered by Rafael Caro Quintero, 32, owner of the enormous El Búfalo marijuana ranch in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. The ranch had operated for several years, employing hundreds of *campesinos*, but local and state authorities showed no interest in what El Búfalo produced. Then, three months before Camarena's disappearance, El Búfalo was raided—allegedly at Camarena's instigation. A Mexican army detachment seized and burned an astonishing eight thousand tons of pot, baled and ready to ship to the United States, where the street price at the time was $60 an ounce. The raid cost Caro Quintero several million dollars in lost profits, and ultimately the ranch itself. Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid confiscated El Búfalo and gave it to the *campesinos*, after it had been looted of its expensive machinery by persons unknown.

Eventually, in response to U.S. pressure, a Mexican court issued an order for Caro Quintero's arrest. Nevertheless, a few days later Caro Quintero and a half-dozen of his *pistoleros*, all armed and carrying official papers identifying them (falsely) as Mexican police, appeared quite openly at the Guadalajara airport to board the drug king's private plane. While sixty state and federal cops looked on, Caro Quintero consulted briefly with First Comandante Jorge Armando Pavón Reyes, head of the police detail, handed him a check for sixty million pesos (then worth about U.S.$265,000), and flew off to Costa Rica. On the way, Caro Quintero stopped to pick up his teenage paramour, Sara Cristina Cosio Martinez.

In March 1985, the mutilated bodies of Camarena and Zavala were found dumped at the entrance to a ranch sixty miles southwest of Guadalajara. President Reagan phoned President de la Madrid to urge that the killers be apprehended. While U.S. officials made arrangements to fly Camarena's body to Arlington National Cemetery for a hero's burial, Caro Quintero and his gang lived it up in Costa Rica. But his illicit passion for Sara Cristina (he had a wife and four children in Mexico) led to his capture. The DEA picked up the trail through her telephone calls to her parents. In April 1985, Costa Rican police arrested them, and they were flown to jail in Mexico. Sara Cristina, as a minor, was returned to her parents, insisting that she had been kidnapped. Shortly thereafter, another

Mr. Lake writes frequently for NR *about Mexican affairs.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suspect in the Camarena murder, Ernesto Fonseca Carrillo, sixty, a relative of Caro Quintero and his mentor in the drug business, was arrested in Puerto Vallarta with 23 followers. Fourteen of these turned out to be policemen on his payroll. Fonseca Carrillo and Caro Quintero between them employed more than one hundred cops or ex-cops, according to the DEA.

Through Our Fingers

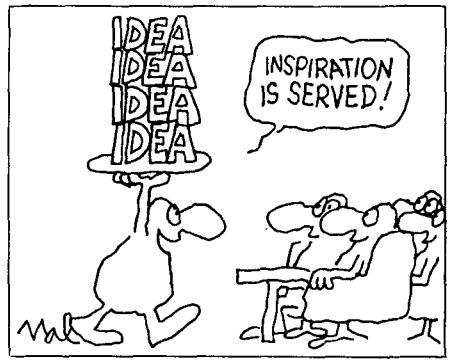
AFTER THE ARRESTS of Caro Quintero and Fonseca Carrillo, the investigation of the Camarena case was stalled for nearly a year. A third suspect, Juan José Esparragoza Morena, was arrested in his Mexico City mansion this March, and a fourth is in custody in the United States. Another prime suspect, Juan Ramón Matta Ballesteros, described by a DEA official as "one of the most significant cocaine traffickers in the world," was captured last fall in Colombia. But in March he walked out of a model prison wearing a guard's uniform, allegedly with the help of a $2-million bribe.

At the top of the list of suspects still at large is Miguel Angel Félix Gallardo, reputed *capo di capo* of the Mexican narcotic trade and suspected mastermind of the murders. He is one of Mexico's richest men. Although a warrant has been out for him for months, he lives an untroubled life in Culiacán, the crime-ridden capital of the Mexican state of Sinaloa. Mexican newspaper reports claim he is under the protection of Governor Antonio Toledo Corro (who denies it). Minor-party deputies in the Mexican congress say Toledo Corro may also be involved in the drug trade. His term expired in July, but so far he seems to have remained "untouchable."

So, it appears, are other prominent members of the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI), which has ruled Mexico for nearly sixty years. José Antonio Zorrilla, former chief of the Federal Security Directorate, signed the bogus police identity papers for Caro Quintero and associates. The DEA thinks Zorrilla not only betrayed Camarena to his killers, but himself conducted the interrogation of the DEA agent under torture. "For political reasons," said the weekly newsletter *Acción*, "Zorrilla resigned his candidacy for deputy for Hidalgo and was permitted to leave the country."

And therein lies the larger importance of the Camarena murder. The shocking uncooperativeness of Mexican authorities is not explained, at least not entirely, by ordinary bureaucratic neglect or resentment of American interference but by the much more practical consideration that some of those responsible held key positions in Mexico's political power structure, and nearly everyone involved had solid ties to it. The Camarena case is but a particularly painful example of Mexico's real drug problem: The PRI, whatever its faults—and they are legion—has at least brought stability for sixty years. A real war on drugs would entail, if not quite a war on the PRI, then a war against men who hold great power within it. The power of the drug kings is not absolute; a few more have been arrested recently. But the vast sums to be earned from illicit drugs have so corrupted Mexican politics that to request the Mexican establishment to truly declare war on the drug trade would be very like asking it to commit suicide—for the sake of American drug addicts.

Meanwhile the great majority of Mexican citizens have more immediate worries. The financial crisis brought on by the oil-price collapse has Mexico teetering on the brink of hyperinflation and the obliteration of the peso. In a country as poor as Mexico a plunge in living standards has serious implications. There are rumblings of violence in the city slums and hunger-stricken rural areas. The safety valve provided by the flood of illegal immigrants to the United States may be closed by proposed legislation, with unpredictable consequences. And both the U.S. Government and the International Monetary Fund are demanding sweeping political and economic changes before granting the new multibillion-dollar loans Mexico so urgently needs. Sweeping changes are precisely what the PRI, its long reign showing signs of senility, does not want. PRI leaders must feel this is no time to be purging powerful colleagues because they are involved with the drug trade.



These new fears and various ancient rancors combined to form a critical mass in May when U.S. officials, including Customs Commissioner William von Raab, went public with harsh criticisms of "massive" and "ingrained" Mexican corruption "up and down the ladder," which they blamed for the failures of joint U.S.-Mexican efforts to stop the drug trade. This blunt testimony, given in hearings before a U.S. Senate subcommittee chaired by Jesse Helms, came as a painful surprise to Mexico, which for many years has been virtually immune to public criticism from the American Government. Mexico issued a strong protest against the testimony, saying that the hearings were "a clear and unacceptable violation of Mexico's sovereignty." The next day, Mexico City newspapers ran display ads in support of the government, and some thirty thousand protestors marched in Mexico City carrying anti-American placards: "Sovereignty Trampled!" The State Department made soothing noises, and the Mexican government quieted down. Both sides seemed anxious to cool things off.

A Losing War

IN THE TUMULT, the most important point to emerge from the hearings was lost: that, so far, all efforts to stop narcotics trafficking have failed. No amount of cooperation seems likely to bring success. Despite prodigious efforts (the U.S. spends $1.4 billion a year in its global war against the drug trade), about $35-billion worth of heroin, marijuana, and cocaine still crosses the Mexican border each year, according to a congressional report. The profits of the global narcotics trade are so huge, and the drugs so easily concealed and moved, that entire armies —even assuming they are free of the narcotics vice themselves—could not prevail.

In the corruption of its political institutions Mexico pays a far higher price in the drug war than does the United States. As Americans begin to consider the consequences of an explosion on our southern border, they may come to decide it is a price we cannot afford to make Mexico pay. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STATE DEPARTMENT V. THE FREEDOM-FIGHTERS

DURING THE 1970s and the early 1980s, anti-Communist resistance movements erupted throughout the Soviet empire. One of Ronald Reagan's more significant initiatives was his latching onto this development to make it the centerpiece of a new "post-Vietnam-era" foreign policy. The subtleties of what has come to be called—not by Reagan—the Reagan Doctrine have yet to be defined, but the cornerstone of the policy is support for the insurgencies.

Ironically, the most damaging opposition to this policy has come from within Reagan's own State Department. Even congressional liberals have been more cooperative: At least some liberal-Democratic congressmen support each of the resistance movements; the State Department at one point or another has effectively opposed, or at least resisted aiding, all of them. In general, State cooperates only when maximum presidential attention is focused on a particular insurgency. Thus, in the recent past, State has opposed or obstructed aid to the anti-Communist resistance group in Cambodia, the Renamo guerrillas in Mozambique, Jonas Savimbi's UNITA forces in Angola, and the Mujahedin in Afghanistan. Lately State has been helpful to the Contra forces in Nicaragua; but before Central America became a top priority for the President, some offices in State were actively undermining resistance to the Sandinistas.

Chester Crocker, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, has become a particular *bête noire* of anti-Communist supporters of the Reagan policy. There is a certain irony here, for at the beginning of Reagan's first term, Crocker (then director of African studies at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies) was singled out in *The Conservative Decade* by James C. Roberts—a movement conservative—as "one of the best" among a "number of superbly qualified analysts of a conservative cast" at the center.

Yet by Reagan's second term, Crocker's handling of policy for southern Africa (i.e., Angola and Mozambique) had come to symbolize, for most conservatives, State's sabotage of the anti-Communist insurgencies. Under Crocker, State's policy has been to ignore or disparage the opportunities presented by UNITA and Renamo. Instead, his efforts have centered on an attempt to "constructively engage" Angola's Marxist MPLA regime into sending home some 35,000 Cuban troops in exchange for South African withdrawal from Namibia (itself threatened by the Marxist, MPLA-backed SWAPO).

THESE NEGOTIATIONS have been going on for almost five years. So far they have not removed a single Cuban soldier from Angolan soil. In fact, during this whole period, the number of Cuban troops and other East-bloc personnel in Angola has steadily increased. Yet each year the State Department has claimed that the negotiations were on the verge of a major agreement. This year, conservative congressman Jim Courter (R., N.J.) points out, "the critical point in negotiations came in early March, when President Botha [of South Africa] offered the Angolan MPLA what has in essence been its own negotiating position: South African withdrawal from Namibia in exchange for Cuban withdrawal from Angola. [MPLA boss José Eduardo] dos Santos turned it down. That proves his talk is cheap, and it indicates that without the Cubans his government would fall."

Did this convince State that negotiations had collapsed, and that it should perhaps consider actively seeking military aid for Savimbi and UNITA, at the very least to push dos Santos toward serious negotiations? After all, I pointed out to a State Department spokesman, this is U.S. policy in Nicaragua—to support military aid for the Contras in order to force the Sandinistas into genuine negotiations.

"I won't draw that comparison," my spokesman from State said. Furthermore, the talks with the MPLA had not collapsed: "It is incorrect to say [that the Angolan government] rejected Botha's offer." How so, since there has yet to be any agreement by the Angolan Marxists to withdraw Cuban troops? Where is the positive sign? "They [the MPLA] have accepted the principle of linkage. In 1984, they agreed to withdraw twenty thousand Cuban troops in three years in exchange for immediate implementation of UN Resolution 435 [South African withdrawal from Namibia], to be completed in a year. This was not acceptable to the U.S., but it showed the MPLA, in principle, accepted linkage." It was a relief to hear that the hard-as-nails realists at State turned down a deal that would have (at best) left half the Cubans in Angola in exchange for turning Namibia over to the SWAPO Communists.

President Reagan has said that the "starting point" for any negotiations to settle regional conflicts such as the one in Angola is the inclusion of all the warring parties. I asked my spokesman if Savimbi was a party to the Angolan talks. Savimbi is "consulted," I was told—which means no.

"Look, no military solution is possible in Angola," the spokesman declared. "UNITA cannot push the MPLA out as long as there are Cuban troops. And we've got to convince the

Mr. Tarne, a graduate of the National Journalism Center, works on Capitol Hill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MPLA also that the military option is out. We'll make use of Savimbi's pressure to get the MPLA to see this and realize that a negotiated settlement is the only way." Isn't the only pressure Savimbi can exert military? "So what's your question?" the spokesman asked, getting a little testy now.

I tried again: "If the only pressure Savimbi can exert is military, will the State Department actively encourage military aid for UNITA?"

He replied: "We have always and we continue to support effective aid for UNITA."

That's not what the boys from State said last year. "We asked for a briefing late last year with officials from the State Department," a congressional aide who works on Angola told me. "They said they had no position on aid. But in the course of the briefing, it became evident that State believed aid to UNITA would disrupt negotiations. This was at a time when the President was making 'Reagan Doctrinesque' speeches in support of aid to UNITA."

Jack Kemp relates a similar experience. "Congressman Claude Pepper and I sponsored legislation to provide $27 million in humanitarian aid for UNITA. The State Department opposed our bill, and continues to oppose our bill. Why? As a Foreign Service Officer told a member of my staff, 'The President doesn't have the Administration with him on this one.' "

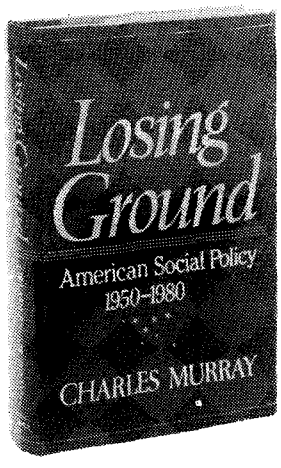
STILL, BECAUSE of the President's oft-stated support for UNITA, State must give it at least nominal backing. Mozambique is another story. When I asked about support for Renamo, I was informed by the State Department that "U.S. interests would not be served by defending [this] moribund group. It is a bunch of ex-colonialists, with no political program and no leader." The CIA, however, says Afonso Dhlakama is the clearly recognized leader of Renamo and enjoys wide popular support. As for being ex-colonialists, Dhlakama himself defected from the Portuguese army to fight with Frelimo, the Communist faction currently in power in Mozambique. When Frelimo reneged on promises of power-sharing and free elections, Dhlakama joined Renamo. And Renamo does indeed have a political program, whose ten points include free elections and a free economy.

Under the leadership of Samora Machel, Mozambique, once fairly prosperous, has become a famine-wracked economic basket case. In addition, Machel has managed to run up one of the worst human-rights records in southern Africa and has consistently voted against the U.S. at the United Nations.

All that is changing, however, according to the State Department. Machel has given "many signs," State says, of wanting to edge away from the Soviets and toward the West. In exchange for Mozambique's alleged swing to the West, State last year asked Congress to approve $40 million in aid for Mozambique, $1.1 million of it in military aid.

One of the most powerful signs of

(Continues on page 53)



ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-238-2200
ext 500
Charge your Visa or MasterCard
• Continental U.S. •
24 hours a day • 7 days a week

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for a refund

DOES WELFARE HURT THE POOR?

LOSING GROUND

by Charles Murray

This profoundly influential book explains how the welfare state not only failed to help the poor, but often made things worse for the disadvantaged.

Murray's breakthrough work has had explosive impact on discussions of social policy in the '80s, and the reverberations will echo beyond the decade. This is the book social democrat Michael Harrington has called "dangerous," while such conservatives as Milton Friedman, William Buckley, Jack Kemp and Patrick Buchanan have hailed it as "brilliant."

NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK
from LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS
Order #CU0572 $10.95

Send your order to:
LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS, Dept. NAV
532 Broadway, 7th Floor, NY 10012

Please send me _____ copies of **Losing Ground** (order #CU0572) for $10.95 each, plus $1.00 postage & handling ($2.00 for foreign orders).

☐ Send me your 32-page catalog of books on liberty.

☐ My check or money order is enclosed for $_____.

☐ Please bill my ☐ Visa ☐ Master Card.

Acct. No. _____

Expir. Date _____

Signature _____

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANTI-CLERICALISM AND ANTI-SEMITISM

One of the features of the new concordat between the Vatican and the Italian state is a regulation concerning religious instruction in the public schools, from kindergarten through the baccalaureate. Until the time of Mussolini, religion was not part of the public-school curriculum in Italy. Il Duce was originally a Socialist (as was his father, who had him baptized after Benito Juárez, the Mexican republican who had Emperor Maximilian executed), but he was also a nationalist in the best Garibaldian tradition. He believed that Italians should belong to the "Italian religion"—i.e., Roman Catholicism—and so he decided to introduce religious instruction in the Kingdom of Italy.

The new concordat, signed in 1984, provides for religious instruction to continue, but on a voluntary basis, with parents deciding for children under 14 while those over 14 are to decide for themselves. The extreme Left hoped that a sizable number would choose "the road to freedom," and those foreigners who scoff at Italian religiosity were of the same opinion. Was not Italy the cradle of anti-clericalism? Only a few years ago a wildly satirical weekly called *Don Basilio* was devoted entirely to anti-clericalism in a manner that could be compared to the gross Jew-baiting of the German National Socialist weekly *Der Stürmer*.

Now the statistics are in: About 95 per cent of the children are going to attend religious instruction, for which they will be given a mark on their report cards. There was a difference of only 2 per cent between the decision of parents for their children under 14, and the decision for themselves of students above that age, of whom only one in 240 declared himself or herself to be an atheist. But what about Italian Communism, which, after all, is one of the great political forces in that country? Sizable regional differences could have been expected, with the percentage of those opting for religious instruction being much lower in Communist strongholds like Emilia and Tuscany. But, no, there are practically no variations in the statistics.

In other words, the average Italian's attitude toward religion has almost nothing to do with his political affiliation. While it must be admitted that Italy (like most, though not all, Catholic countries) is fairly anti-clerical, this tendency can be found across the political spectrum. At the same time, however, the vast majority of Italians (including members of the Mafia) will agree that only beasts are without religion.

Italians, as we can see, are *basically* very Catholic, though traditionally anti-clerical; and, being basically Catholic, they are not "anti-Semitic" in the modern sense. There was anti-Judaism in Christian Europe before the First Enlightenment, to be sure, but racist anti-Semitism is the evil gift of the late nineteenth century, largely due to a biologism initiated by Charles Darwin. Daniel Gasman, in his excellent *The Scientific Origins of National Socialism*, has demonstrated the nefarious role of Ernst Haeckel (a disciple of Darwin who died in 1919) in this development within Germany. It did not have any echo in Italy except in the brain of the declining Mussolini. (Remember that the Italian people—and especially the clergy and the Papacy—came to the aid of the Italian Jews. And throughout European history there were only two ghettos that were never mobbed by the populace: the ghettos in the Papal cities of Rome and Avignon.)

Just as anti-Catholicism has to be clearly distinguished from anti-clericalism, so anti-Judaism and anti-Semitism, superficially similar, are basically quite unalike, and neither has anything to do with the numerical presence of Jews in a society. At the time of the Dreyfus case French anti-Semitism was in full vigor with not more than 85,000 Jews among forty million Frenchmen. When Hitler came to power, German Jewry amounted to 0.9 per cent of the population (580,000 souls) and would have all but disappeared by the year 2000 because of the Jews' low birth rate, combined with mixed marriages and conversions.

In Spain there are today three times as many Jews as before Franco's rule, but there is virtually no anti-Judaism or anti-Semitism. In fact, in 1924 all Jews of Spanish descent were invited by King Alfonso XIII and his dictatorial prime minister, Primo de Rivera, to return to Spain, an appeal reactivated by Franco. The current Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Lustiger, is by origin a Polish Jew, appointed by a Polish Pope, and the Prince Archbishop of Olmütz under Emperor Franz Josef was named Kohn (thus descending from Aaron). When the followers of the false Messiah Jacob Frank joined him in his conversion to the Catholic faith, they all automatically became members of the nobility according to Polish law. Even in the days of widespread anti-Judaism, popes, cardinals, bishops, kings, and princes had Jewish physicians, as well as Jewish financial and political advisors. This was also true of the three last Emperors, Franz Josef, Wilhelm II, and Nicholas II.

Man is not a monolith, but a composite, irrational, and contradictory creature. Catholic anti-clericalism and the history of European Christians' relations with Jews prove this unequivocally. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **Allan Carlson** sees the proletarian family returning.
- **George Gilder** looks at the home life of sexual revolutionaries.
- **David Brooks** asks supply-siders what they think, whom they dislike.
- **Connaught Marshner** asks, What does the New Right really want?
- **M. Stanton Evans** wonders who—if anyone—runs the State Department.
- **Victor Lazaron** reports on sexual Stalinism on campus.

But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason—*they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view,* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

What's more, you'll find that keeping up with the news the NR way helps you to better evaluate what you *do* read in the "news magazines" (or see on TV). NR gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting—because it's one magazine that really *does* give you the view from the other side. And backs it up.

But the benefits of getting *National Review* regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. The book section with its discerning reviews of really important books is a treasure in itself. Movies and plays get the same unusual treatment. There are also articles on the latest in travel, food and wine, music, and so on. To say nothing of the inimitable cartoons of Gauerke, Mal, and others. In short, the regular readers of *National Review* keep up with the arts and manners of our times—but from a refreshingly different point of view.

All of which makes NR one of the best buys around. And all *you* have to do to start enjoying this genuinely interesting magazine regularly is to fill out the postpaid card (opposite) and mail it back to us. It entitles you to 15 big issues (30 weeks) of *National Review* at the special introductory rate (for new subscribers only) of just $17.95. A bargain price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. Send in the handy card today. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PROBLEM OF UNRULY SEX

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

In August 1985, Robert Bauman wrote a letter requesting that I write an introduction to his forthcoming book. He used language difficult to resist . . . "Here is the semi-final ms. of my book. . . . I believe you would be particularly well suited to write a foreword or comment, whatever your views on the issues involved may be. You will discover as you read this that you have played a very important part in my life. . . . Your [syndicated] column in 1980 [urging Bauman's withdrawal from the race] may have cost me a close race for Congress. . . . If you could find it in your heart to give sustained help to a convicted murderer, and to so many others, please consider this request. I know from experience you will do what is right."

I agreed, and sent my introduction to him in September. I heard nothing for six months, then that although Bob Bauman liked it, the publishers refused to print it. What I wrote as an introduction to The Gentleman from Maryland [*Arbor House, $17.95*] *serves now as a book review.* —WFB

I WRITE PROMPTED to do so at first by a most emphatic invitation by the author of this book. I was for several reasons reluctant to serve my old friend, and indeed agreed only contingently: I would first read the book, and then decide. Having read it I find myself grateful to the author for having invited me to write the foreword. I say this because he has done a great deal to clarify (advance?) my own thought on the questions raised in his autobiography. His book is especially useful to those of orthodox predispositions on many of the questions he raises. Whether the thinking he has finally catalyzed would serve as the satisfactory foundation of social policy on the problem of the homosexual I do not know.

There now, the use of the word "problem" must cause the author to groan in distress, if he believed that *The Gentleman from Maryland* is the instrument by which traditionalists will be disenthralled from superstitions respecting the diverse sexual appetites of the homosexual. He is entitled, particularly after the poignant and revealing work he has done in writing this book, to a non-formulaic explanation of the surviving dilemmas of those loyal to the heterosexual society.

Robert Bauman was born and raised under difficult circumstances. These I shan't describe, not wishing to deprive the reader of an introduction to Bauman's background executed so well by the author himself, who deals with it poignantly, comprehensively, and graphically, but never self-pityingly. We need only know that he suffered more than (one hopes) the average American boy, growing up, suffers, this being important to the narrative. Then came the exciting period as a page boy in Congress, during which he discovered his inflamed interest for politics. Then college days, followed by law school. He became prominent at a young age (he was Chairman of Young Americans for Freedom soon after it was founded). And during that hectic period he met a beguiling and endearing colleague-in-arms, Carol Dawson. They fell in love, married, and had four children.

We all knew superficially what he tells us about now in some detail. In 1980, his career as a congressman at high tide, he ran straight into the rocks. Whether it is true, or merely fancied, that he was the particularized target of the Speaker of the House does not matter in weighing the major questions Bob Bauman asks us to weigh. Whether it is true (I assume it is) that there were during the identical period a number of others (he mentions the figure nine) who served in the House of Representatives, and even in the Senate, who were detected by federal vice squads pub-crawling in search of fleeting homosexual encounters doesn't really matter. We do not doubt that Speaker O'Neill had a special animus against the young congressman who, by displaying on the floor a greater technical mastery of parliamentary detail, frequently upended the Speaker. What is important

M. D. Aeschliman, a lecturer in English literature at the University of Virginia, is the author of The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case against Scientism.

Tom Bethell, a freelance journalist, is a regular contributor to NR *and many other journals, including* Harper's *and* The American Spectator.

Jeffrey Meyers has written on Nietzsche, Musil, and Mann in The Wounded Spirit, Homosexuality and Literature, *and* Disease and the Novel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

isn't that Bauman charges that he was victimized by being singled out for prosecution. What is important is that he never denies the truth of what was alleged, namely that he was in frequent (and usually drunken) contact with homosexuals, among them prostitutes and minors.

His first formal professional setback came when he was not forgiven by a crucial number of his constituents. Many of them stuck by him on hearing him plead guilty (in effect) and on being reassured by him that he suffered only from inclinations to homosexuality, to which he had given in under the influence of liquor, which he would no longer consume (to this day he does not drink). He further promised to consult a psychiatrist. The package was enough for many of his supporters, not enough for all.

And so, having lost his seat in Congress, he found himself desperate: What, now, would he do?

There was that public question; but there was also a very important private question. Gradually he discovered that his married life was coming irreversibly apart. On this point he is brutally candid, and earns one's special admiration. What he tells us is that he soon resumed his clandestine homosexual life, however discreetly. He does not tell us, and perhaps he couldn't do so, whether his wife could have absorbed the public and private shocks if he had succeeded in his short-lived attempt at homosexual celibacy, or even whether she was of a mind to do so. Nor is he censorious about Carol's leaving: It happened; and their beloved rustic home, in which the children had grown up, was in due course abandoned. He maintained (and still does, one gathers) affectionate relations with his children. But, for all intents and purposes, Robert Bauman was professionally and personally isolated.

He thought to make a political comeback in 1982, reasoning that broadened public attitudes on the matter of homosexuality would protect him from categorical proscription. But before the final date for filing as a primary candidate, the forces of opposition (of reaction?) persuaded him that if he persevered, he would probably lose, and certainly he would suffer greatly from the ravages of a bitter campaign. So he pulled out.

At this point he found himself without a wife, without children, without a political career, with no prospects of a political career, with a rusty license to practice law, but without clients. And so he decided to write a book. Why? Because he needed the money, he says. We do not doubt that he needed the money, but do doubt that that was the only reason for writing this book. Another reason being—one can't come away from these pages without concluding—a burning desire to tell the reader what it is like to have suffered such a fate as he suffered, and to ask whether it is right that this should happen to someone merely because he is born into this world with what we could agree to call "anomalous" sexual habits.

IT IS HERE that Bob Bauman runs into difficulties I judge to be insuperable.

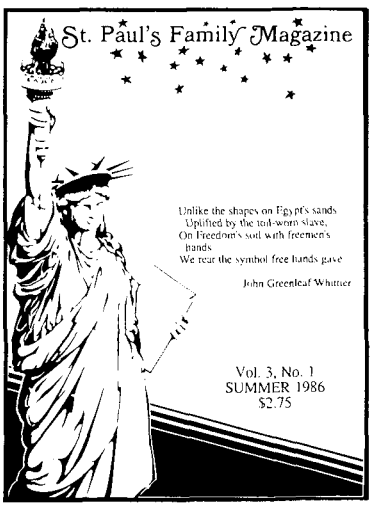
Let us, without arguing, grant him his stipulation, namely that a substantial percentage of males are irreversibly bisexual in their appetites. Let us grant him, also, that the performance of his duties to his constituents was unaffected by his homosexual philandering. We could go further and say that we would grant that his role as father was fully played out, and even, to the extent we can realistically say this, that his role as husband was, if sexually attenuated, nevertheless not (obviously) entirely neglected. I hear him asking us, in this book, how we justify the residual cruelty, then, of punishing him as indeed we have done.

But we need to ask further questions, raise further points. During the months Robert Bauman submitted to psychiatric consultation, he was advised that his behavior was something of a *cri de cœur*, a cry from the heart. A cry for what? A cry, his psychiatrist said, to be apprehended, and exposed. How else account for a young congressman of rising prominence patronizing bars where he was bound to be recognized? How else account for his consorting with young professional homosexual prostitutes, one of whom would almost inevitably attempt to blackmail him, as indeed happened?

Although the author divulges these pathological readings and indeed encourages us to acknowledge their plausibility (why, why would he destroy his own life?), he seems now to be going further. He seems to be telling us that he was really driven not only by the desire to end the hypocrisy of his

Why do conservatives buy liberal magazines for their children?

Conserve
our culture with
St. Paul's Family Magazine


St. Paul's Family Magazine
Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave
John Greenleaf Whittier
Vol. 3, No. 1
SUMMER 1986
$2.75

This children's magazine is orthodox, humorous, fun, challenging and beautifully illustrated. (A quarterly for children 7 to 97.)

Finally! A quality magazine for children.
National Catholic Register

. . . a well-conceived and much needed Christian magazine of quality.
The Anglican Digest

. . . a journal of Christian culture for young people.
The University Bookman

Send $10 for a one-year subscription to:
St. Paul's Family Magazine, P.O. Box 772,
Fort Scott, KS 66701

VISA 1-800-523-5562 MasterCard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life, giving up his career and his marriage, but perhaps by a deeper urge, namely to challenge the assumptions that would indeed wreck his life. Bob Bauman is a deeply convinced Christian, and one suspects that the prophet's calling appeals to him, as indeed it would appeal to any man who seeks extra-suicidal explanations for suicidal behavior.

But this reader rejects the prophet. The problem raised by Robert Bauman survives his rendition of it, survives even one's contempt for so many of the unwonted and even sadistic cruelties to which he was subjected.

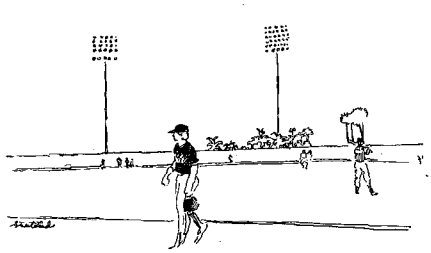
If we are required not to employ the word the homosexual community most abhors, namely "normal," we are driven to a rather exhausting search for an alternative that explains the conduct of the homosexual, the locus classicus here being Robert Bauman, the gentleman from Maryland.

EXPERIENCED and thoughtful men and women acknowledge the compelling character of the sexual creature that resides in all of us. But the next question has got to be the critical one, namely, Is that sexual drive undeniable? It is only a beginning to say the obvious, that the sexual drive is more pronounced in some than in others; that indeed in some, who are termed asexual, it is hardly there at all. But even if we reduce to a small minority those in whom the sexual drive is there in typhoon force, still we need to ask: Is it undeniable? If it were precisely that—undeniable—a case for social quarantine would certainly commend itself. Homosexuals, if they are to be judged by the same standards as others, must be divided between those whose drive is deniable, and those whose drive is not deniable.

And even then, further refinements are in order. Monogamous homosexuality is—orderly. Orderly in a sense that is more basic merely than reaching out for a quirky discretion dictated by social orthodoxy. Then there is something which, for failure to find alternative wording, one might call the disorderly homosexual. What I hear from the author of this book is that some strains of homosexuality are, really, not deniable: that the effort to deny them imposes monastic disciplines these few cannot, at the risk of damaging their emotional health, impose upon themselves. And that therefore the primacy of this undeniable sex drive has got to be understood, and social conventions need to accommodate themselves to it.

But even to acknowledge that such a drive is undeniable, that it claims, among those it afflicts, a priority higher than *any other*—higher than the maintenance of monogamous standards of social life, higher than the vows exchanged at the altar with the woman one takes as wife, higher than one's understanding of what it means to contribute to the delinquency of a minor: To understand all of that in the sense of making way for it is what society declines to do. A congressman from Massachusetts was recently reelected notwithstanding that he confessed to having had a sexual encounter with a page. The congressman apologized: but restricted the apology to his having had sex with someone under age—someone, moreover, who served in the House of Representatives, under the paternal wing, broadly understood, of its Members. Even if we grant that different sections of the country will react differently to different assaults on orthodoxy, we have got to distinguish between the cases of Congressman Studds and Congressman Bauman, if the understanding is correct that Congressman Studds faced his constituency and said simply: I am a homosexual who sinned in consorting with a page. The author of this book seems to be saying: I am a congressman with unruly homosexual appetites, and I ask that you not take these into consideration, that instead you should focus exclusively on the labors I have performed while in Congress. I understand Mr. Bauman to be asking that society countenance not merely homosexuality (which request I deem reasonable) but undeniable self-indulgence in the exercise of homosexuality.

Perhaps I am wrong. It is conceivable that the author will think I have misread his book. Indeed it is conceivable that that is what I have done. In which event this introduction serves only the purpose of alerting other readers to the question this reader found himself confronted with. Whether other readers see that as the principal question raised, and if so, whether they answer that question as I do, or as I do not, they will not think themselves abused for having been invited



RANDOM NOTES

☐ COMING IN AUGUST: In *The Gentleman from Maryland: The Conscience of a Gay Conservative* (Arbor House, $17.95), Robert Bauman—ex-Republican congressman and former Chairman of Young Americans for Freedom—describes the ruin of his marriage and career through alcoholic and homosexual indulgence. (Reviewed in this issue.)

Georges Duby's *History of Medieval Art: 980-1440* (Skira/Rizzoli, $45) is a republication of the original three-volume work first issued in 1967, richly illustrated and closely, though readably, argued.

☐ SOME SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *Passage through Armageddon: The Russians in War and Revolution 1914-1918* (Simon & Schuster, $22.95), W. Bruce Lincoln offers a rich, vividly detailed account of the destruction of Czarist Russia, by world war first, next by Bolshevism.

In *The Fix: Inside the World Drug Trade* (Tor/St. Martin's, $17.95), Brian Freemantle presents, as the result of much travel and numerous interviews with drug traffickers and the officials in search of them, a highly interesting account of how traders have accomplished end-runs around the governments of countries around the world to create spreading addictions among their peoples. One reads with especial interest of how returning troops from Afghanistan have infected the Soviet Union with heroin, and of the control of the American pill trade by bikers.

In *The First Coming: How the Kingdom of God Became Christianity* (Random House, $18.95), Thomas Sheehan—through what appears to be a willfully perverse reading of the Gospels—argues that Christ regarded himself as a human, rather than a Divine, prophet, adumbrating not the founding of religion but the end of it.

The General: David Sarnoff and the Rise of the Communications Industry (Harper & Row, $20.95), by Kenneth Bilby, is a competent account of how the Russian-Jewish wireless operator came to be president of RCA at the age of 39, and, for 35 years thereafter, ruled a communications empire that included manufacturing enterprises as well. —CW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to read *The Gentleman from Maryland*. It is written by an attractive man of quick wit and appealing temperament. Moreover, he takes us into corners of the mind, and into secret places in modern life, which we ought to know about. It is hardly an appeal to lubricity that animates those candid sections of this book in which the author shows us what it is like to live the exciting agony of the failed heterosexual. Bob Bauman takes us home with him, he treats us decently and with respect, and I for one thank him sincerely for his hospitality, from which I have profited. □

DEDUCING FROM MATERIALISM

Tom Bethell

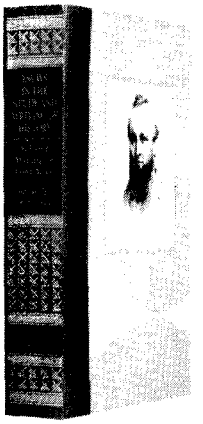
Evolution: A Theory in Crisis, by Michael Denton (Adler & Adler, 368 pp., $19.98)

CONTRARY TO the general belief, there is very little factual support for the theory of evolution. In 1981 Colin Patterson, a senior paleontologist at the British Museum of Natural History, remarked at a public lecture at the American Museum of Natural History in New York that there was "not one thing" he knew about evolution. "Question is," he went on, "can you tell me anything you know about evolution, any one thing that is true? I tried that question on the geology staff at the Field Museum of Natural History, and the only answer I got was silence."

Patterson seems not to have recanted. In a recent issue of the *Creation/Evolution Newsletter* he writes: "The awful question: 'Can you tell me anything you know about evolution . . .' Well, I still think it's a reasonable one. Ed Wiley [of the University of Kansas] answered that it generates hierarchy, but I find that a bit too vague. My own current answer would be, 'I know that the majority of change in the information transmitted (DNA) occurs in spite of natural selection, not because of it.' "

In 1984 I interviewed Patterson in London and asked him if, in the voluminous mail (much of it irate) he had received in response to his heretical comments, anyone had pointed to

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



SELECTED WRITINGS OF LORD ACTON
VOLUME II
ESSAYS IN THE STUDY AND WRITINGS OF HISTORY

By John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton
Edited by J. Rufus Fears

Lord Acton's concept of Liberty was the theme of the essays collected in the first volume of this edition, *Essays in the History of Liberty*. In this volume may be found the historical studies upon which Acton drew to explicate his understanding of the idea of liberty.

Writing on such diverse topics as the divorce of Henry VIII, Leopold von Ranke, and the History of the Papacy, Acton argued his position that history demonstrated progress and unity through the story of liberty.

Included here are Acton's most important historical essays from his days as a scholarly journalist and his famous Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge in 1895, "The Study of History."

These two volumes, edited by J. Rufus Fears, Professor of Classical Studies at Boston University, will be followed by a concluding volume entitled *Essays in Religion, Politics, and Morality*.

Hardcover $15.00 *ISBN 0-86597-048-3*
Paperback $ 7.50 *ISBN 0-86597-049-1*

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
All orders from outside the United States *must* be prepaid in *U.S. dollars*. To order, or for a copy of our catalogue, write:
LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. T119
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unequivocal evidence for evolution. He told me that someone had claimed, "We do know that the polar bear evolved from the brown bear."

"Do we know that?" I asked.

"No."

MICHAEL DENTON'S *Evolution: A Theory in Crisis* is the best summary of the case against evolution since Norman Macbeth's minor classic *Darwin Retried* (1971). Denton includes a good chapter on the cladists, a recent school of taxonomists with which Patterson is associated. (Cladists have insisted that taxonomy should be more rigorous, and they make the interesting point that a whole set of evolutionary statements thought to have been established by observation—e.g., "vertebrates evolved from invertebrates" —are in fact tautologies.)

Dr. Michael Denton teaches in the Department of Clinical Chemistry at the Prince of Wales Hospital in Australia, specializing in microbiology. "To my mind," writes MIT emeritus professor Dr. Murray Eden, currently with the National Institutes for Health, Denton's book "should be required reading for anyone who believes what he was taught in college about evolution." I mention this to stress that this is a scientific work, and a highly readable one, not an essay in Biblical fundamentalism.

Charles Darwin's main claim to fame was that he allegedly discovered the mechanism of evolution—natural selection, or "the survival of the fittest" as Herbert Spencer called it. This amounts to nothing more than the observation that species exhibit variety; some survive to leave offspring, others not. Those that do are called "the fittest." In short, trial and error. Bertrand Russel said that natural selection was nothing more than "the application of laissez-faire economics to the animal and vegetable kingdoms."

Nonetheless it was thought in Victorian times that Darwin had made a discovery of profound importance. Victorians, after all, equated change with progress, as we decidedly do not. Thus Darwin's claim to have discovered the machinery of evolution greatly advanced the belief that evolution had in fact taken place.

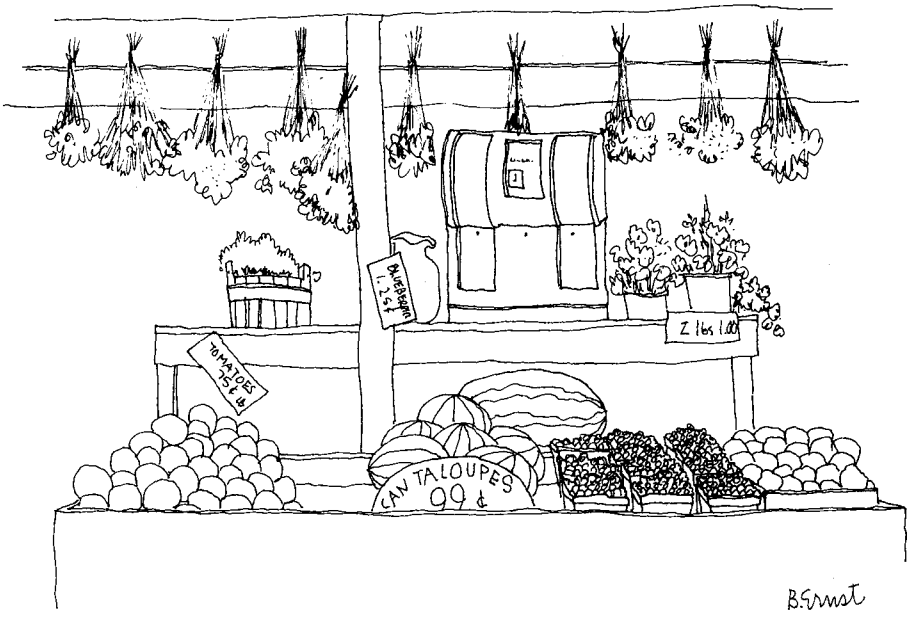
If anything Denton is too deferential to Darwin and at times seems to make too much of the meager evidence for evolution by natural selection. He cites, for example, the famous black and speckled moths in Britain's once polluted Midlands. After the soot killed the lichens growing on the trees, the speckled variety became conspicuous to predator birds and the camouflaged blacks prospered. But this does not constitute evidence for evolution, because the black moths were all along present in the population. They merely increased disproportionately—until pollution-control devices were installed (when things returned to normal). As the Columbia University geneticist Thomas H. Morgan once said, "Evolution means producing new things, not more of what already exists."

The main problem for evolutionists, as Denton points out, is that the "envelope" of variability surrounding the species does not extend very far. At the end of all the experiments on fruit flies in the early decades of this century, in which they were subjected to heat, cold, X-rays, et cetera, the experimenters were left with . . . fruit flies. A rose is a red rose or a white rose or a yellow rose but never a blue one. You can push a rose only so far. Much experimental frustration suggests that it is the same with all other species. As such, they should be presumed fixed (within narrow limits) unless the evolutionists can demonstrate otherwise. To point triumphantly to the bones of extinct animals is to beg the question whether we or anything else evolved from them.

In his most important chapter, "A Biochemical Echo of Typology," Denton provides up-to-date support for the Platonic theory of archetypes. Evolutionary theory would suggest that the major taxonomic groups should form a biochemical sequence. But now that numerical data are available (from the cytochrome C protein, which has a different amino-acid sequence in different species), the surprising finding is that the major groups are not so much sequential as equidistant from one another. The molecular evidence suggests that a carp differs from a horse to the same extent that it differs from a turtle or a bullfrog. It suggests *not* that wheat is somehow intermediate between bacteria and animals, as one might have thought, but that humans, wheat, yeast, sharks, and fruit flies are all "equidistant" from bacteria.

"An extraordinary mathematical exactness in the degree of isolation [of one group from all others] is apparent," Denton writes, calling this "one of the most astonishing findings of modern science. . . . There is no avoiding the serious nature of the challenge to the whole evolutionary framework implicit in these findings." Nonetheless we may anticipate that the professional community of government-funded biologists will avert its gaze both from the findings and from Denton's book.

When evolution is challenged, what is at stake is not just a particular scientific theory that can be replaced by another, as the Ptolemaic theory of the solar system was replaced by the Copernican, but the far more fundamental ideology of materialism itself: the belief that the universe consists of atoms and molecules in motion and nothing else. As Denton says, evolu-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion is really a deduction from materialism. If materialism is true, then evolution is true. It follows that if evolution is false, then so is materialism. And if that god be proven false, is it not a fearful prospect to consider that another might be true? Why, the "wall of separation" and the ACLU might threaten to cut off one's research funds! □

INSPIRED GARGOYLE

M. D. Aeschliman

Vintage Muggeridge, edited by Geoffrey Barlow (Eerdmans, 192 pp., $7.95)

WRITING ABOUT Swift's great early satire *A Tale of a Tub*, Samuel Johnson said that it exhibited "vehemence and rapidity of mind, copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction," terms as apt to a great modern satirist and truth-teller, Malcolm Muggeridge. As with both Swift and Johnson, Muggeridge's urbanity has never turned into mere "knowingness" or smug sophistication, but has always been governed by a sincerity at once somber, comical, witty, and moral.

Though at first the comparison might seem incongruous, there is something of the earnestness of the great Victorians in Muggeridge, a governing moral urgency, an insistence on trying to "see life steadily and see it whole," the sense of the necessity of being a participant, a witness, a *soul*. "That we will anything," St. Thomas Aquinas wrote, "is due to our soul"; but this elementary, profound kind of wisdom is widely denied or ignored in our time. By contrast, Muggeridge's moral energy and great-souledness put him in some sense even beyond his two exemplary friends Hugh Kingsmill and George Orwell as a literary sage.

Scarred but deepened by Marxism, like Orwell and many others of their generation, Muggeridge has wrestled incessantly with the great questions of history, religion, and ethics, and his *Diaries* (1981) again and again attest to this dogged religious interest. His early integrity, amidst obscurity and poverty, astonished Anthony Powell when he went to visit Muggeridge in 1937. In *Faces in My Time*, a volume of memoirs published in 1980, Powell wrote that "Disillusionment with Communism, dismay at the methods of the Soviet Union, are nowadays such familiar themes that the force of Muggeridge's virtually one-man onslaught in the 1930s is hard to grasp for those who did not experience those years." Powell also noted Muggeridge's "active puritanical dislike for any approach remotely to be described as [merely or mainly] aesthetic."

Though Muggeridge has written novels and plays, he was driven, as a first-hand witness to so many of the nightmares and ironies of this century in which utopia was so confidently expected, to turn his literary gifts and moral sensibilities to a different literary genre, the documentary, journalistic satire, with strong elements of sermon, history, and memoir. His unique imaginative genius is a powerful antiseptic. "Such lies believed!" he wrote twenty years ago in a new introduction to his great book on *The Thirties*:

> Never, surely, has there been credulity like it. African witch-doctors and makers of love potions must look with sick envy at the impositions of our advertisers and psychiatrists, reflecting that their clientele, though black savages, would never for an instant countenance deception so gross and palpable. When people cease to believe in God, G. K. Chesterton has pointed out, they do not then believe in nothing, but—what is far more dangerous—in anything.

Here is satire and truth-bearing exaggeration of a history intimately known. It is the habitual detail and documentation in Muggeridge's satirical attacks on vice and folly that make poignant and convincing his affirmations, his belief in the "transcendental soap opera" of Christianity, "going on century after century and touching innumerable hearts." He loves greatly and hates greatly—especially our modern totem, the "dogmatism of science . . . a new orthodoxy, disseminated by the Media and a State educational system with a thoroughness and subtlety far exceeding anything of the kind achieved by the Inquisition." Writing four hundred years after Rabelais, Muggeridge attests the truth that "science without conscience is nothing but the death of the soul."

Having deserted traditional Theism, our liberal/libertine/libertarian culture drags its denizens toward egotism, illusion, greed, erotomania, fanaticism, madness. With belief in inevitable progress mocked and humiliated by our undeniable history, "everything," Muggeridge quotes an eighteenth-century writer as saying, "seems to be at sea except the Fleet." But like his heroes —St. Augustine, Pascal, Blake, Kierkegaard, Solzhenitsyn—the iconoclastic Muggeridge is not, as one of his irritated admirer-critics once put it, "an agile nihilist." He destroys, but only in order to reveal and renew the "fearful symmetry" of our creatureliness; he excoriates abortion, promiscuity, euthanasia, scientism, Communism, and television, in order to call us to our senses and spirits, to remind us what a lovely, awesome, Godly thing it is to be alive and aware. Deeply to taste the truth of truism can be a revolutionary experience in an age of fad and neophilia.

Geoffrey Barlow's selection is a good introduction to Muggeridge as both writer and thinker, containing essays, lectures, and the transcripts of three television interviews with William Buckley, as well as brief tributes to Muggeridge by Lady Longford, a former Archbishop of Canterbury, an English Catholic bishop, Richard Ingrams

Nicola Paone
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
"As for favorite restaurants, in New York, at **Nicola Paone**, if you are a nice, conservative, appreciative guest, he will shower you with the best food, wine, and service in the world."
—*William F. Buckley Jr.*
207 East 34th Street • New York
(212) 889-3239

Call for any current book
● Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check.
● We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. ● Gift wrapping available.
● Mail orders welcome.
BOOK CALL™
1-800-255-2665
In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470
59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of *Private Eye*, and R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. In this volume the velocity of Muggeridge's wit and his capacity to amaze, delight, and move remain undiminished, and the cup of his sanity and piety overflows. To use one of his own favorite images, he is our indispensable, our aspiring and inspired gargoyle. □

THEORETICAL HERMIT

Jeffrey Meyers

A Ringing Glass: The Life of Rainer Maria Rilke, by Donald Prater (Oxford, 472 pp., $27.50)

RILKE, the super-aesthete, makes Wilde look like a redneck, Proust a stevedore. He found Louis Quinze escritoires irresistible and claimed he would be completely crushed if exposed to the petty disagreeableness of World War I. The pampered child of unhappily married parents with vaguely aristocratic pretensions, Rilke was born in Prague in 1875, eight years before Kafka. He later said of his mother: "I see her only occasionally—every encounter is a sort of relapse." He spent five miserable years in an Austro-Hungarian military academy, which Robert Musil described in *Young Törless* (1906).

Rilke's adult life consisted of restless travels from Russia to North Africa; self-indulgent valetudinarianism, manifested in barefoot walks, vegetarian meals, and crankish cures at expensive spas; semi-involvements with artistic older women; and endless demands for cash. The great snob and sponger complained about having to talk to his hosts at dinner, but repaid them with elegantly turned and thoroughly insincere letters of thanks. His friends included the improbably named Thankmar von Münchhausen, Clothilde von Derp, and Helene von Nostitz.

Prater's serious, worthy, and staggeringly dull portrait of Rilke shows "the background against which he wrote and the conditions in which his ideas were developed." But it does not attempt a critical interpretation of his works and is distinctly inferior to the elegantly written, richly characterized, and psychologically penetrating *Rilke* (1981) by Wolfgang Leppmann. Prater presents a detailed chronology, fleshed out from Rilke's massive correspondence, but he is more interested in cataloguing the events than in revealing the motivation and recurrent patterns in the life.

There is a great deal of information about the boats Rilke took on the Volga, but only vague remarks about his conversation with Tolstoi in 1900: "Rainer was impressed by Tolstoi's 'kindliness and humanity' and 'enriched by the gift of his being.' " And Prater never explains why Rilke was suddenly fired from his job as secretary to his revered master, Rodin. The biographer maintains an idolatrous attitude toward his subject and justifies Rilke's monstrous egoism.

In "The Choice," Yeats wrote: "The intellect of man is forced to choose, / Perfection of the life or of the work." Though perfection can be achieved in neither, Rilke, like most modern writers, chose the work and sacrificed the life. His deepest attachment—nonsexual and filial—was to the elusive Central European bombshell, Lou Andreas-Salomé (his companion on the journeys to Russia), who had broken the heart of Nietzsche and would quicken the pulse of Freud.

The impoverished Rilke was trapped into marriage with the pregnant German artist Clara Westhoff in May 1901. Their daughter was born in December and they separated in January. Rilke did not support his family, took little interest in his child, and justified his selfish neglect in exalted language: "We saw the highest beauties life has to offer."

Apart from his one popular success, *The Tale of the Love and Death of Cornet Christopher Rilke* (1906), which sold over 300,000 copies before his death from leukemia in 1926, Rilke had very little money. But he lived luxuriously in the best hotels, bought the finest furnishings, and expected friends, patrons, and publishers to pay his expenses. He borrowed money to divorce Clara, dropped the proceedings, and kept the cash. Through guile, flattery, and ruthlessness (not innocence, as Prater maintains), he convinced his benefactors to give him all they had promised—and more.

Though extremely ugly, Rilke was *sympathique*, well mannered, distinguished. He attracted hordes of women who were drawn by his poetic powers and sensitive soul. Their meeting, he would say, had been "one of those things which one later realizes had to come." His desire for the lone road and quest for the sacrificial woman who would be the guardian of his solitude—"to live only for him without a thought of her own insignificant little life"—were nothing more than a high-minded need to take without giving. When women made emotional demands, he broke off relations. The theoretical but intensely social hermit sought "not so much to *be* alone, as to be able to *live* alone, choosing his company rather than having it thrust upon him." His male friends were not so easily carried away. One remembered being left as Rilke's sole audience as he "discoursed on the 'dictation' that came to him when writing verse, and his other listeners drifted away in boredom with the monologue." Rilke's lack of meaningful connection with the outside world and incapacity for either friendship or love led to an exquisite and ethereal poetry that lacked human emotion. □

FILM

EPHRONTERY

John Simon

NORA EPHRON'S novel, *Heartburn*, is about the breakup of a marriage, carefully so disguised that no one should be in doubt whose. The heroine, a food journalist and cookbook writer, Rachel Samstat, is in her second marriage, this time to Mark Feldman, a Washington-based syndicated columnist, another repeater. Not much happens: Rachel, seven months pregnant with their second child, finds out that Mark, a master womanizer, is cheating on her with Thelma Rice, a married friend of theirs, so she packs up her already unwrapped son and flies to New York, to her father's apartment. Eventually Mark shows up and promises to stop seeing Thelma, and Rachel returns to her marriage. Discovering that the affair continues, she turns a small dinner party even more intimate by tossing her key-lime pie in Mark's face, then flies back to New York, this time (one hopes) permanently.

Novels have been made from material no more promising than this. But

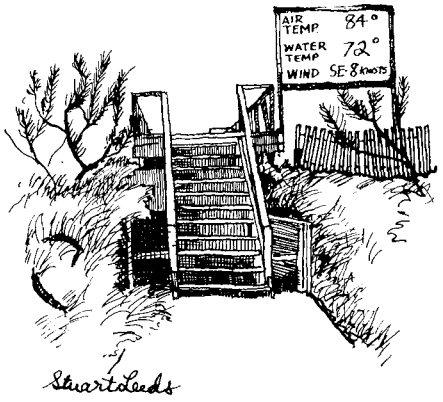
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only by a writer who sees beyond the tip of her nose—even if the nose happens to be a commanding one such as Miss Ephron ascribes to Thelma, but not to Rachel. Miss Ephron, besides being self-absorbed, writes slick-magazine prose that lends itself to short sassy pieces of journalism but does not fill out even a 178-page novel with wide margins unless you eke it out, as she does, with samples of Rachel's recipes (none of them her own), TV comedy material, cooking demonstrations, and asides—endless asides. Like a borscht-belt comedian, Rachel is always reminded of something quite irrelevant that she can work into her material.

This first-person novel is a long comic routine—more precisely a Jewish-comedy routine, indeed New York Jewish, an essential flavor that the movie version deliberately and systematically discards. Although the heroine is still Rachel Samstat (a name of uncertain ethnicity), Mark is now more ambiguously Forman, a name apparently borrowed from Miloš Forman, the Czech film director, who has a small part in it. Jewishness still figures in one character, Arthur Siegel, a friend of the Formans, but since the point is that he is married to Julie, a Christian, his Jewishness could not be glossed over.

We are now simply among middle-class urban sophisticates. But that's not what the book was about. It was about Jewishness that feels alienated in WASP Washington, about Jewish family relations and Jewish therapists, about Jewish humor. Mike Nichols, the director, must have thought either that this is incomprehensible in certain places—which isn't true, as the world-wide success of Woody Allen proves; or that it might arouse anti-Semitic sentiments—unlikely except in certain Near Eastern markets where this movie wouldn't be sold, anyway.

The book abounds in smart-ass one-liners, e.g., "Lesbianism has always seemed to me an extremely inventive response to the shortage of men, but otherwise not worth the trouble." Or, "[My sister] took my father to a place called Seven Clouds, which is not an auspicious name for a loony bin, but you'd be amazed how little choice you have about loony bins." This sort of stuff can be stretched out into *monologue intérieur*, which, in Jewish comedy, is called *schtick*. A man on the



subway winks at Rachel: "I immediately wondered whether he was single, and if so, whether he was a college graduate and straight. Then I thought how awful to be back on the market with the old New York ratio going against me, two hundred single women to every straight single man, packs of Amazons roaming the streets looking in vain for someone genuinely eligible and self-supporting who doesn't mind a little cellulite." This can be spun out indefinitely, and is; but, aside from other deficiencies, it is not the stuff of cinema.

So Nichols got Miss Ephron, who also wrote the screenplay, to replace it with material that "plays." We get such long-bearded clichés as the bride (Rachel) who won't go through with the ceremony: While the guests in the living room are being kept from leaving with desperate maneuvers, in the bedroom, friends, relatives, and therapist take turns debating the uses of marriage with the panicky Rachel, who proclaims, "Marriage never works. What works is divorce." To which the dialectical rejoinder is, "Divorce is only a temporary solution." Nichols can make hay with such scenes, or with sight gags, as when a wedding guest, during an emotional sequence up front, can be seen assiduously chewing gum in the background. Or he'll stage a scene with the prospective parents eating pizza at home while singing every song with "baby" in it they can remember. Laughs are had from mush-mouthed vocalizing, memory lapses, choreographic thrashings about. But, as in the novel, cuteness is not quite the same thing as sophistication.

There are no characters for us to care about, no story to involve us. Rachel and Mark might as well be two pictures on facing pages of a slick magazine making love to each other.

You've seen him on television– You've heard him on radio–

NOW INVITE HIM TO SPEAK TO YOUR ORGANIZATION!

WILLIAM A. RUSHER, publisher of *National Review*, has been informing and entertaining audiences in all fifty states for a quarter of a century. Has he addressed your annual business convention, or spoken at your college lately? The Leigh Bureau (W. Colston Leigh, Inc.), which represents Mr. Rusher exclusively, is now accepting engagements for the 1986-87 season.

President Reagan described William Rusher as "this energetic and articulate spokesman for the principles we believe in so deeply." Invite him to speak on "The Coming Battle of '88" or "The Case for Reagan's Space Shield," and give your organization a treat!

EXCLUSIVE MANAGEMENT

THE LEIGH BUREAU

W. COLSTON LEIGH, INC.

49 State Road • Princeton, New Jersey 08540 (609) 921-6141
1801 Avenue of the Stars, #619 • Los Angeles, California 90067 (213) 277-5999
77 West Washington Street • Chicago, Illinois 60602 (312) 236-3541

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

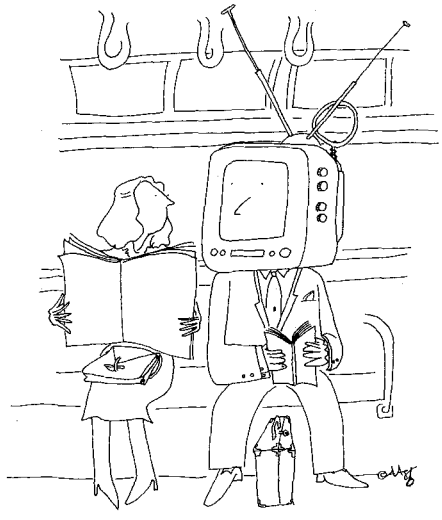
Will this recto and verso in a *Vanity Fair* spread stay together or be parted? Can paper feel? Nothing matters much; even a rather hairy childbirth comes out bland because the directorial cleverness—provocative camera angles, well-paced editing (by Sam O'Steen), arresting cinematography (by Nestor Almendros)—outweighs everything else. There are even wasteful scenes that are sheer direction for direction's sake: kissing under the marquee of a chic New York cinema, dancing under the Capitol dome, riding the Eastern air shuttle, oblivious to the ticket-taking stewardesses. Nichols indulges himself.

What does come across is affluence: The very annoyances with contractors or muggers are part of glamorous megalopolitan living and manage to have happy endings. In the novel, you can get a joke out of this: "The story I'm telling here . . . has a happy ending, but that's because I insist on happy endings; I would insist on happy beginnings, too, but that's not necessary because all beginnings are intrinsically happy, in my opinion. What about middles, you may ask. Middles are a problem. Middles are perhaps the major problem of contemporary life." This is not just smart-ass, it is pretentious, too; but at least it is a gag. The film is all middle, all problem, and, unlike a paragraph, can't click into place.

There are good actors in small roles (Miloš Forman is *not* one of them), but they don't get a chance to register. Thus Rachel's sister, after one appearance, illogically fades out of the picture (as she did out of the novel). Richard, Rachel's editor, who has a modicum of personality in the book, is a cipher in the film. Mark has even lost those couple of columnisty quirks that gave him a *soupçon* of character, so Jack Nicholson can only play himself: the devilish grins, the vaulting eyebrows, and those vocal leers turning any word into an innuendo. And he's too old for the part. Meryl Streep concentrates on looking and sounding ever so faintly, genteelly Jewish, but, having little else to play, must coast along on charm. Apparently Carl Bernstein's lawyers exercised some control over the script to protect the interest of the children; Nichols, a friend of both Bernstein and Miss Ephron, tried not to displease either too much; some of the grosser sexual jokes were excised so as not to offend the audience. In a line not in the book, Rachel's father (dully played by Steven Hill) tells Rachel, "If you want monogamy, marry a swan." I thought it was geese that were noted for their monogamousness, but swans are more upscale. One thing is sure: However bad a novel is, the movie version can be worse.

EVEN SO, *Heartburn* comes out ahead of the two other not-entirely-kiddie movies now around. *Legal Eagles*, directed by Ivan Reitman, is a totally preposterous comedy/romance/thriller failing on all three counts, with a modern-art and courtroom background that is no less incredible. Written by Jim Cash and Jack Epps Jr., whose names I mention only so you can avoid their works (*Top Gun* is another), it does afford Robert Redford a reunion with his long-lost breezily beguiling self. Debra Winger is appealing in a rather more farcical way than usual, but Daryl Hannah remains a rotten actress and still looks like a linebacker in a Lorelei wig.

As for *Ruthless People*, sitcomishly directed by the *Airplane!* trio, Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker, it's a recycling of "The Ransom of Red Chief," only here it is a repellent harridan—wife of a tycoon who was trying to kill her so as to marry his mistress—who, unransomed, drives a pair of guileless kidnappers crazy. Dale Launer's screenplay manages a few jokes amid much desperate huffing and puffing. Judge Reinhold is likable as the male kidnapper; as his dizzy wife, Helen Slater is not. Danny DeVito, as the mean little millionaire, is good enough; as his blackmailing mistress and her moronic lover, Anita Morris and Bill Pullman are fine. But it all revolves around Bette Midler as the abducted monster who supposedly turns nice in the end. I don't know which is worse: her monstrosity or her niceness. Midlers are perhaps the major problem of contemporary film. □



VIDEO

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Joseph Sobran

IT WAS DURING the Vietnam War that the media began to assume their "adversary" posture, ostensibly toward U.S. Government spokesmen but actually toward nearly everything summed up in the word Christendom. By now they have gone from rejecting official body-count reports to boosting legal abortion. The rap on conservatives used to be that they were *against* everything: They never said what they were *for*. The charge is now much more aptly addressed to liberals.

The media were against the U.S. role in Vietnam, but what outcome did they favor? They never specified, so they can disclaim having desired the outcome the Vietnamese actually suffered: Communism. And yet they continue to congratulate themselves on their "critical" attitude toward the war.

Television's Vietnam: The Impact of Media is a critical examination of this critical attitude that finds the media a little uncritical when it came to Communism. It's an hour-long documentary narrated by Charlton Heston, written and directed by Peter Rollins, and available from Accuracy in Media, 1275 K St., N.W., Suite 1150, Washington, D.C., 20005 (on video-cassette, VHS or Beta, for $32.95).

Consider the most shocking image of the whole war: the summary execution of a suspected Vietcong by a South Vietnamese officer. The image is unforgettable: a man in uniform is firing a pistol into the temple of a smaller man, wearing what looks like a tourist's Hawaiian shirt, his hands bound behind him. It occurs in a Saigon street. The photo catches the suspect's face distorted in the very moment of death. The film clip shows him flopping down onto the pavement and blood gushing out.

It's interesting to learn that the suspect was a Vietcong officer whose in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nocent clothes belied his activities. He was responsible for killing a number of civilians, including the entire family of a friend of the officer who shot him.

But all the world saw was the climactic moment of his punishment, replayed over and over and over again. *Television's Vietnam* interviews the photographer who took the still, Eddie Adams, and finds that he regrets the use to which his picture was put. We are also told that NBC, not content with the silent footage of the shooting, added to its impact by accompanying it with the sound of a gunshot —taken from a phonograph record.

Contrast this episode with the practice of "necklacing" in South Africa, whereby blacks who cooperate with the government are bound, given a "necklace" of a tire filled with gasoline, and set afire. The mobs enjoy it greatly and would welcome a Western camera crew to their festivities. If it were shown a few times on the nightly news, its impact would be guaranteed. But that impact wouldn't serve the "progressive" cause—i.e., sending South Africa the way of South Vietnam. You'll be lucky (if that's the word) to see a necklacing at all, let alone over and over and over and over.

You probably know already that the 1968 Tet offensive was a military flop but, thanks to the U.S. media, a propaganda triumph for the Communists; *Television's Vietnam* adds interesting detail. The media widely reported that Vietcong soldiers had invaded the U.S. embassy building; in fact, they never made it. Twenty-six of them blasted their way inside the walls of the embassy compound, but three Marines in the doorway were enough to keep them out of the building. The media, however, never retracted their stories.

The pattern was repeated time and again. At Khe Sanh, we were told, North Vietnamese killed embattled Marines at will. If this were true, no Marines would have survived. In fact, 199 Marines died, as against roughly ten thousand North Vietnamese regulars, according to Tom Carhart, a military historian. The discovery of a mass grave of three thousand civilians at Hué, murdered by Communist forces, got almost no attention in the media. (When the PBS series *Vietnam: A Television History* addressed the subject in 1983, it let a Communist official—who probably ordered the slaughter himself—explain it away.)

Like a baseball player caught stealing home, the Communists at Tet created excitement out of all proportion to what they'd achieved. The U.S. press corps in Saigon was less "critical" than simply antagonistic to the military, and a kind of left-wing orthodoxy seems to have developed among most of the reporters. It's easier for a journalist to be independent of the government than of his peers, which is one reason powerful opinion cartels grow up in the media.

At the end of *Television's Vietnam*, Heston nicely contrasts a "free and responsible" press with an "adversary" press. The media have become a mighty force, nearly (as they like to boast) a fourth branch of government, but, as Heston suggests, there is no *Federalist* to suggest how checks and balances apply to them.

There is no way of "answering" the impact of a misleading image repeated many times; even a retraction no more undoes that impact than an apology restores the teeth broken by a punch. The media clearly fall outside the area of discussion and argument contemplated by classical libertarians like Jefferson and Mill. But what power can control them without creating an even greater danger? □

DELECTATIONS

APRES TOUT, LE DELUGE

Nika Hazelton

THE WORLD is drowning in wine. Thanks to improved production methods, more wine is being made everywhere: wine that must be sold to make space for yet more wine. At the same time, thanks to the spread of anti-alcohol feelings, health preoccupations, and other worries of contemporary life, wine consumption is barely increasing in the United States, while it is actually dropping in the two countries—France and Italy—that were once the world's largest wine consumers.

We here in America are emphatically not wine drinkers. In 1973, annual

Announcing...a very special edition of William F. Buckley Jr.'s

ATLANTIC HIGH

Communications Distribution, Inc., has acquired the original manuscript of Mr. Buckley's best-selling book *Atlantic High*, and is proud to announce the availability of a unique collector's edition. One page of the original manuscript, typed by the author and corrected, by hand, with his usual red-ink pen, is included with each copy of this special edition. It consists of an original first-run copy of *Atlantic High* itself, handsomely bound in fine leather and stamped in gold, which is encased in a sturdy box covered in white sailcloth (just like the real thing). The box contains a large pull-out drawer in which you will have the manuscript page—autographed by the author—in a plastic cover; you may preserve the page in this cover, or remove it easily for framing. The handsome original four-color dust-jacket of *Atlantic High* is also enclosed in the drawer—it can also be framed.

Each boxed copy of this special Manuscript Edition is therefore unique; the owner will be the *only* one to possess that particular manuscript page. We believe such an edition is a first in publishing history. The cost is $300 a copy, while they last (obviously the supply cannot exceed the limited number of original pages). You may order now directly from the address below.

Write to:

Communications Distribution, Inc.

150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

per-capita wine consumption was a measly 1.66 gallons; by 1984 that figure had risen, but only to 2.36 gallons. (To put that in context, one six-ounce glass a day would work out to about 17 gallons.) In France, meanwhile, consumption stood fairly steady during that period, at about 25 gallons per person per year; whereas in Italy it fell from about 26 gallons in 1975 to under twenty gallons in 1985.

In other words, the wine trend favors buyers over sellers, who also have to cope with the different market structures for imported and domestic wine. In New York City, it is possible to buy for remarkably low prices ($5 and less a bottle) good everyday imported drinking wines that are almost always more interesting and classier than the comparably priced American wines. (By "American," in this context, I mean Californian. Wine is made nowadays in almost every state in the Union, but so far only California, the biggest of all the American producers, is capable of marketing it efficiently enough to compete with the foreign producers.)

Unquestionably, California wines are not doing well. Too many new wineries have been started up as tax shelters, producing the so-called "boutique"

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

SOME TIME during the next couple of months, Congress is scheduled to consider a crucial set of reforms: those concerning the nation's immigration policies. Although the various bills that have been proposed over the last three Congresses differ in a number of significant ways, one thing they have in common is an amnesty provision. Simpson-Mazzoli offers amnesty to illegals who have been in the United States since before January 1, 1980; the Rodino and Roybal versions move up the cutoff date to January 1, 1982; while some legislators wish for the still more generous deadline of New Year's Day, 1984.

There are plenty of voices raised in both chambers denying the virtue and wisdom of amnesty altogether, but so far their successes have been of a negative variety: They have been able to kill legislation so pernicious in its likely effect as to be worse than no legislation at all. For the past three years this attitude toward the question of amnesty has been derided as mulish, quixotic, or troglodytic; but it is precisely the question upon which new studies by Donald L. Huddle, Professor of Economics at Rice University, direct a laser-like beam, suggesting that the amnesty concept represents an enormous threat to the United States, economically, culturally, and demographically.

The first of these "discussions"—"Amnesty Implications of the 1985 Houston Survey" (available upon request and at cost from the Department of Economics, Rice University, P.O. Box 1892, Houston, Tex. 77251)—concerns the findings of a field survey of undocumented workers in the Houston metropolitan area undertaken in 1985 by Professor Huddle. Taking for their study a sample of two hundred undocumented workers from five Latin American countries, Huddle and his Rice University research team approached with the question: How would you respond to an amnesty program such as that proposed by the current immigration-reform bills?

Although, before Huddle's, there were virtually no empirical studies seeking to assess the possible impact of any particular legalization measure, certain assumptions had been widely and uncritically accepted in quarters where people are paid to consider such matters. One such assumption (fervently propagated by the Mexican government) is that the majority of illegals reside only temporarily in the United States before slipping back to their homes south of the Rio Grande. That may have been more or less true until the 1960s, but since then the pattern has altered considerably: 89 per cent of Huddle's interviewees claimed they hoped to enjoy permanent-resident status in the U.S., while 61 per cent wanted citizen status. Another assumption concerns the number of illegals who would accept legalization: One analyst, after a study of the ill-fated Canadian amnesty of a decade ago, suggested a likely figure of one in three, while pro-amnesty groups have argued that an even lower figure is probable. However, of Huddle's sample, 85 per cent said they would apply for legalization under amnesty. Huddle's figures show that, on average, these newly legalized residents would each expect to bring two immediate relatives into the country, for starters.

Now, the number of illegals currently in the United States is a matter of debate, with estimates running between four and 12 million (Huddle himself places the illegal population at around nine million). Depending upon which estimate you select and which amnesty cutoff date you choose, by using a multiplier of two, you come out with estimates ranging from 1.9 to 12.5 million bodies added to the U.S. population by a stroke of the pen; while, with a multiplier of four ("the Immigration Service figures conservatively that a legalized Third World adult alien will, on average, seek four additional visas for immediate and extended family members, and more in the future as chain migration takes effect"), the numbers increase to between four and 25 million. Now, 25 million people is nearly a third the population of Mexico; which makes you wonder why, if we are going to offer legalization on that scale, the legislation that accomplishes it should bother itself with such futilities as employer sanctions and beefing up the Border Patrol.

Huddle has argued elsewhere the displacement effects of illegal aliens on the native labor market, as well as the falsity of the myth that illegals contribute to the economy more than they subtract from its cornucopia of welfare benefits. He recapitulates and extends those arguments in this and in another discussion paper, "A Profile of Illegal Immigrants in the Houston Metroplex: Implications for Amnesty, Employer Sanctions, and U.S. Immigration Policy." His studies deserve to be taken seriously by every congressman, and his conclusion—that a broad amnesty program with a recent cutoff date will create a "Third World backlog population pressing to get into the United States by any means possible," the result being that "Congress would soon again face the same pressing questions of civil and amnesty rights for the undocumented masses"—needs to be deeply pondered. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wines—often very good, but made in such small quantities as to be commercially impossible in this country of mass distribution, yet so full of pride of product that the wineries send unsolicited bottles to journalists like myself, hoping that we will give them a little free publicity.

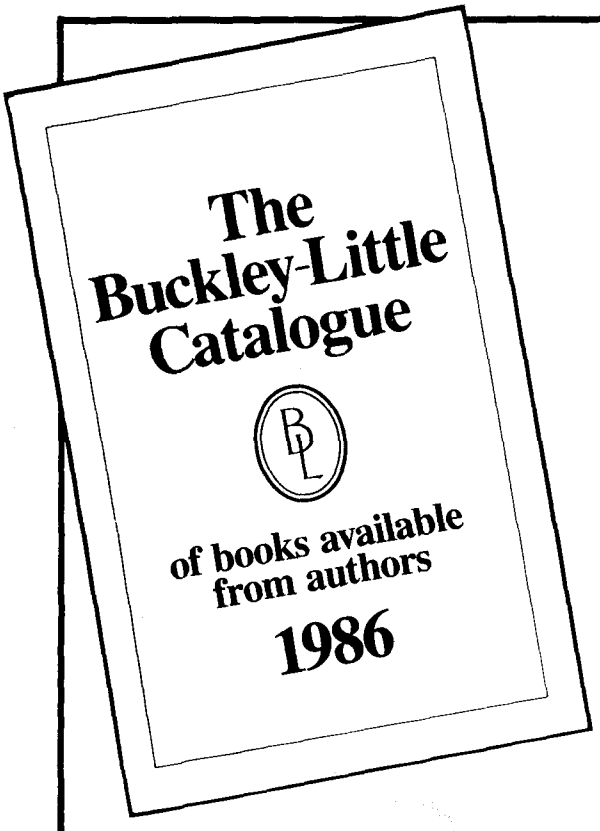
Long-established California wineries, with excellent production records and equally good national distribution, are caught up in the rat race: among them Beaulieu Vineyard (or BV, as it is everywhere called) in California's beautiful Napa Valley. BV has made excellent wine for 85 years, ever since Georges de Latour came from France and established it. He and his *grande dame* wife not only planted grapes in especially suitable Napa Valley districts, but made BV into a showplace with formal gardens and a fine house where they entertained bigwigs like Herbert Hoover and Winston Churchill. In 1924, their daughter married the French Marquis de Pins, who was himself a wine producer in his native Gascony.

BV was and is famous for its Cabernet Sauvignon wines, especially those bearing the Private Reserve label, which are as good as, and frequently better than, Bordeaux's fine wines. (This is especially true of the early vintages—if you are lucky enough to find any—such as the legendary 1936 product.) I once held a private tasting of California reds of the period 1935–1975, featuring all the best wines from the most famous wineries—including Heitz's Martha's Vineyard Cabernet ("Kneel when you taste it," said a connoisseur). The wine that came out tops with all the Bordeaux people present was the 1936 BV Cabernet.

Part of M. de Latour's success was owing to his choice of winemakers, especially André Tschelistcheff. André —a Russian who learned oenology in France—came to BV in time for the 1938 vintage and retired in 1973. A small and totally charming man, he combined the best elements of traditional and innovative winemaking techniques to produce outstanding wines, thus benefiting the whole California wine industry.

In 1969, BV and four of its five vineyards were sold to the Heublein conglomerate, famous for its ready-made cocktails and even more famous for introducing vodka to America. The (to my mind) unenviable task of trying to bring BV back to its early glory, while at the same time making money for Heublein, has fallen to a very nice and very able man, Thomas B. Selfridge. Selfridge became BV's full-time winemaker in 1979, having been its oenologist and viticulturist since 1973; he is also the president of BV Vineyard. He has to make 12 or 13 different wines, including champagne, and to travel around demonstrating to the world that BV is both traditional and innovative. The answer to the question of why BV has to make so many wines depends on whom you ask. The most frequently given explanation is that you have to have a full line in order to survive. Seeing that quite a number of California wineries are doing fine with only a few wines, I tend to view this argument uncharitably, seeing Heublein's hand over BV.

But I could be totally wrong, of course. What is for sure? That there is too much wine that must be sold, that the competition is fierce, and that BV now makes very good wines, if you want to spend up to around $13 for a 1982 Cabernet or a 1983 Chardonnay. Or, if you're feeling rich, you can spend approximately $21 for a Cabernet Reserve or a Sauvignon Reserve, keeping in mind that California wines



Are You Missing Out on Some Important Books?

The 1986 Buckley–Little Catalogue lists 1,000 titles of books no longer found on bookstore shelves. They *are* available directly from their authors.

Authors such as William L. Shirer, John D. MacDonald, Fletcher Knebel, Donald Hall, Abigail McCarthy, Evan Hunter, Norman Podhoretz, Linda Bird Francke, Douglass Wallop, Lou Cannon, and many others.

For your copy of the 1986 catalogue, send $12.50 to the Buckley–Little Book Catalogue Co., Inc., P.O. Box 512, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Reserve on their label are the best wines the producer makes.

To end on a practical note: In buying any wine—but especially inexpensive wine—patronize a store with a good reputation. Reputation is a valued possession, which no store wants to lose. You will normally get good wines; and if a particular wine turns out not to be everything it ought, you will have recourse, which you wouldn't with a discount store. At the very least, you may be sure that your wine has been properly stored. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Limits of Science, by P. B. Medawar (Harper & Row, 108 pp., $11.95)

A GENERATION AGO, a book titled *The Limits of Science* would probably have been a counterculturish, anti-tech, anti-scientific screed. This one definitely is not. Rather, it is an extremely thoughtful, well-written consideration of what the author thinks the boundaries of science actually are. Sir Peter Medawar, the 1960 Nobel Prize-winner in medicine and the theoretical father of cloning, is nothing if not pro-science. "In terms of the fulfillment of declared intentions," he writes, "science is incomparably the most successful enterprise human beings have ever engaged upon." However, he quickly adds: "That there is indeed a limit upon science is made very likely by the existence of questions that science cannot answer and that no conceivable advance in science would empower it to answer. These are the questions that children ask . . . How did everything begin? What are we all here for? What is the point of living?" Sir Peter wonders whether science is perforce self-limiting (even as the square-cube law prevents insects from growing to giant size). However, the history of technology suggests that when a form reaches its limits, something new will always come along (automobile, airplane, space shuttle), ushering us into a new era. This is more a book of philosophy than of science, although Sir Peter violates the Philosophers' Union rules in at least three ways: He is not prolix; he writes clearly and lucidly; and—worst of all—he deals with important ideas. Like many British scientists of the old school, Medawar is a man of wide and deep learning—a walking contradiction of C. P. Snow's "Two Cultures" cliché—and a rationalist ("something of a period piece nowadays, I admit"), devoid of either the consolation of religion or a boundless optimism about science. What he does have is the courage to see things with his own vision and the intellectual honesty to set them down without apologies or disclaimers. *The Limits of Science* provides fresh and heuristic insights into some very old questions.

JACK D. KIRWAN

LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

it certainly accounts for much of the flavor of the nineteenth century. I am the last person in the world to deny that these converts and their twentieth-century counterparts have played a most important and positive role in the development of conservative thought. I hasten to add, however, that they were more brilliant as Enlightened and Utopian revolutionaries than as reactionary conservatives. The William Wordsworth who wrote the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* is certainly not the poetic equal of the man who wrote "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free."

But we have all learned from them. I counted many of the twentieth-century converts from Marxism among my friends. They were guests in my house and important influences in my intellectual development. How could it be otherwise? This is as true of the modernists of the Right as of the modernists of the Left. They were frequently men of an heroic cast who did not wait for the wave of the future before climbing on their political surfboards. Our cause from the outset has been a common cause. Alliance was natural and will remain natural. I invite it and certainly do not intend to read them out of the movement. The text of my remarks said this and I am surprised that they have been so widely misconstrued.

It is, of course, not as a matter of "tolerance" that we forgive the sinner, but as a matter of Christian obligation (love aside). In this Mr. Meyer is quite correct. It is equally important not to tolerate, condone, or forgive the sin. The death camps of the Marxists and the Fascists were not simply the consequence of a mistake of judgment, a misconceived pursuit of a false "good." Those who supported Fascist and Marxist revolutions willed that millions of men, women, and children should die in order that "the future could be born." Yes, it was a great and terrible sin, knowingly committed, from which our present world has not recovered. While we forgive the sinner we cannot pretend that there was no sin, that "to understand everything is to forgive everything."

The trouble with conversions is that they are rarely complete. As Paul Gottfried and John Diggins have noted, for example, in the case of Will Herberg and Daniel Boorstin the move away from Marxism was an atavistic move back to Hegelianism, an earlier philosophical stage out of which Marxism had developed. Whittaker Chambers, I have observed, moved atavistically back to the *narod*, a materialist, populist, anti-technological stance not unlike that of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. These ideological residues, I believe, have had an important and unfortunate influence upon contemporary conservatism. This is particularly the case with neoconservatism. One's point of origin does make a difference in the path one takes even to a common goal. That is why I stressed the Aristotelian-Thomist origins of conventional conservatism.

Finally, it is important to recognize that a judgment that is radically flawed is not likely to yield sound assessments even with conversion. We ordinarily do not put someone convicted of embezzlement in a position of fiduciary trust. I doubt that Arnold Beichman or Werner Dannhauser would relish having a former Nazi theoretician play a prominent role in the neoconservative movement.

My argument was that the neoconservatives were halfway converts—conservatives who were still locked into the categories of "modernity." I urged them to break completely with modernity; to follow the example of St. Paul and reject "the Law" by which they had previously lived.

I find myself equally amused and outraged at the letter by Dannhauser. My references to Mr. Creedy and Serenus Zeitblom were intended as irony, a literary device with which any close reader of Nietzsche or Thomas Mann ought to be familiar. Dannhauser really should read Erich Heller's *Thomas Mann: The Ironic German* on the role of Serenus Zeitblom. An acquaintance with the uses of irony would put Dannhauser on his guard. While the reader is being amused by the stance of the ironist, the ironist is busy putting a stiletto in his vitals.

I can only regard Dannhauser's description of "modernism" as intellectually primitive. "Modernism"—which, incidentally, I was careful to define in terms understandable to anyone who has read Eric Voegelin—is employed as a short-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hand designation of a particular consciousness or Zeitgeist and not as a designation of technological prowess. Only materialists believe that tools determine consciousness. If we accepted Dannhauser's definition of "modernism," then current usage of "post-modern" would be meaningless, for modernity would have become a permanent condition.

I do not believe I misunderstood what Dannhauser wrote in *Commentary*. He says he is a believer—a believer in what? That is the nub of the question. Over the years I have read Dannhauser and at best he represents the pious agnosticism of so many of the Straussians. That is why he finds Nietzsche to be a new Socrates. While I am not ready to try Dannhauser and tender him a bowl of hemlock, I do assert that he "has corrupted the youth."

Finally, is everyone who presses a Jewish intellectual hard in debate to be charged with anti-Semitism? My assertion is not that Dannhauser and the neoconservatives are Jews and therefore not to be trusted. Quite to the contrary, my charge, which anyone who is not fatally obtuse can read in the text of my remarks, is that they are not Jewish enough. They have turned from the Lord to secular salvation in its various philosophical and ideological formulations. I say with St. Paul and Pius XII: "Am I not a Jew?" What is anti-Semitic about that, Werner Dannhauser?—or are you "somewhere else"?

Stephen J. Tonsor
Ann Arbor, Mich.

TARNE

(Continued from page 37)

Mozambique's Westward swing, says State, is its improved voting record in the UN. Mozambique has voted against UN resolutions calling for a withdrawal of foreign troops from Afghanistan every year since the Soviets first invaded. In 1985, however, Mozambique did not cast a vote on this resolution. This was not quite as firm a commitment, perhaps, as those who oppose Soviet genocide in Afghanistan would like, but after all, what can you expect for only $1.1 million in military aid? As one congressional source put it, "The only concrete thing the Marxist government in Mozambique has done to deserve U.S. aid is to ask for it."

Probably no other anti-Communist insurgency has attracted such broad support as the Afghan resistance. Congressman Charles Wilson (D., Tex.) has said, "There are 240 million Americans who want to help the Afghans." But, Wilson continues, "there are five who don't. Unfortunately, they are all in the State Department."

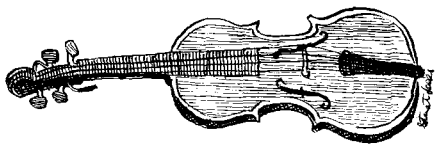
Wilson's remarks came during a congressional hearing to discuss UN talks on Afghanistan that the United States recently agreed to guarantee. The parties to these talks are to be Pakistan and the puppet regime in Kabul. In certain ways, these talks are very similar to the talks the State Department has engaged in with Angola: They include no representatives of the anti-Communist resistance, and they offer no provisions for internal reconciliation. Despite these drawbacks, State favored American involvement.

Jeane Kirkpatrick, testifying at this hearing, was not so sure: "To be a party in negotiations which don't meet the minimum standards set by the President makes us seem as if we are not serious, as if the President made them for rhetorical effect. We should not set standards and then become part of negotiations that don't meet those standards."

At another congressional hearing on this subject, Senator Gordon Humphrey (R., N.H.) was curious as to how the United States became the guarantor of such talks. Did the President give his approval to this decision? Humphrey asked Robert Peck, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs.

"The decision was thoroughly vetted up and down the Administration," Mr. Peck replied. Yes, but did the President himself give the go-ahead? Again, the same response: "The decision was thoroughly vetted up and down the Administration." Perhaps the President didn't have the Administration with him on this one either.

Representative Stephen Solarz (D., N.Y.), who chaired the hearing, wanted to know what kind of agreement we would guarantee. Mr. Peck replied that the U.S. would only guarantee an agreement it found acceptable, and no other. Yes, but what kind of agreement would be acceptable? Solarz asked. Would we consider an agreement that called for an immediate end to aid for the Mujahedin while allowing, say, up to a year for the Soviets to withdraw their troops? Or would we insist that any withdrawal of aid for the Mujahedin be timed to the withdrawal of Soviet troops? "I am uncomfortable answering that," Mr. Peck responded, "given the state of flux the talks are in now."



There is a clear State Department policy toward the freedom-fighters, and it has little to do with the "Reagan Doctrine." Only in Nicaragua has State aggressively pursued Reagan's policy of strengthening resistance movements with the goal of either wringing real concessions from Communist governments or, if necessary, driving them from power. In every other case—that is, in every case in which State Department officials have had room to maneuver—State's policy rests implicitly on the assumption that it is possible simply to negotiate satellites out of the Communist orbit.

By the standards of the resistance movements and their American supporters, this is nonsense. But State's standards are a bit different. As Tom Bethell has pointed out in these pages, State Department officials quite rightly see their jobs in terms not of foreign policy but of diplomacy—that is, the peaceful resolution of disputes between countries. Leave foreign policy in the hands of the State Department bureaucracy, and inevitably the highest goal of that policy will be to avoid unseemly confrontations with the Soviets or their proxies. Actually gaining ground against the Soviet empire will be a secondary consideration at best; and if negotiations don't offer much hope of liberating any Soviet satellites, neither do they violate the prime directive. Such a policy will not always serve American interests, but that won't be the State Department's fault.

The Reagan Doctrine offers many things; it cannot offer a world in which we never confront our enemies. It is too realistic for that. Guerrilla wars, even those fought on behalf of freedom and human rights, are unseemly, nasty things. The Great Communicator cannot afford to remain the Great Delegator if support for anti-Communist insurgencies is to become a basic tenet of U.S. foreign policy. Failing this, the Reagan Doctrine, like the Nixon and Carter Doctrines before it, will become a piece of political trivia. And so will the freedom-fighters. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. GORBACHEV IS IMPATIENT

NEW YORK, AUG. 4

THE DAY'S NEWS advises us that Mr. Gorbachev is "impatient" with U.S. delays in reacting to his multifarious proposals. He wants us to stop nuclear testing, he wants us to remove our middle-range missiles from Europe, he wants England and France to freeze their nuclear inventory at the current level, and he wants us to extend the ABM Treaty for 15 years and to acknowledge that the treaty forbids any testing, let alone deployment, of our Space Shield technology. In return for which? Why, in return for which the Soviet Union would reduce its arsenal of warheads to eight thousand, and its total number of delivery systems to 1,600. Now if we were to do this, what would the benefit be to the United States or, for that matter, to the free world? Answer: None.

Eight thousand warheads and 1,600 delivery systems are quite enough to wipe out the military and population centers of the non-Communist world.

And on the other hand, if we stopped testing, we would curtail the kind of technological curiosity that has made it possible for us sharply to reduce our own nuclear inventory and to design safety features that protect us from any risk of accident. If we were to withdraw our theater missiles from Europe, we would create a nuclear vacuum hospitable to preponderant Soviet tactical military force. If France were to arrest its nuclear development, it would soon find itself impotent against the protective devices the Soviet Union is busily preparing to shield Greater Moscow (Greater Moscow has a diameter of about a thousand miles, according to some military experts). If England were to abandon its decision to purchase a Trident submarine, its nuclear inventory would be severely crippled. If we buy the Soviet version of the ABM Treaty, we might as well abandon any research into a Space Shield: ceding to the Soviet Union the initiative in the development of this critical technology.

Now, the kind of response we should be making to Mr. Gorbachev's grunt of impatience isn't interdicted by any fear of antagonizing the Soviet Union. It is interdicted by a fear of antagonizing the liberal establishment in America.

Here is how we should respond, in a one-sentence letter to the Soviet ambassador in Washington. It should read: Dear Ambassador Dubinin: In connection with Mr. Gorbachev's request for a response to his initiatives, kindly advise him to advise us when the military supplies exported during the past two years to Nicaragua have been repatriated to the Soviet Union, after which you will hear from us.

Should this come to pass, it would then be time for our next communication, which should read: Dear Mr. Ambassador: Please advise us when the Soviet Union has withdrawn from Afghanistan, after which you will hear from us.

Should that come to pass, the third letter: Please advise us when you have reduced your conventional army to fifty divisions.

Then: Please advise us when you are ready to reduce your nuclear warheads to fifty.

And should that happen, our President could go to Geneva and, with the flourish of a pen, dispose of the problem of nuclear apocalypse.

AH, THEY will say: People who write such proposals do not live in the real world. Precisely the opposite is the case. People who believe in negotiating with the Soviet Union at the same time that the Soviet Union is sending attack helicopters to banana republics in Central America are not living in the real world. The real world is the one that has been made by the lunatic appetite for power of the Soviet Union, to the appeasement of which it has sacrificed trillions of dollars, the welfare and prosperity of its 270 million people, the freedom of its satellite empire, and the technological energies of its best scientists. That is the real world.

The unreal world is that in which our diplomatic corps actually believes there is a purpose in endless negotiations that do not increase by the weight of a grain of sand the security of the West. The security of the West is measured not alone by the size of our nuclear inventory, but by the room we have to conduct our policies and to exercise our freedoms without fear of nuclear war.

They tell us that we must fear another arms race. Why? Because it is expensive? But the Soviet Union cannot bear any expense we cannot bear. And if it is so obvious that an arms race would bring on Soviet victory, then why doesn't the Soviet Union simply get on with the manufacture of the incremental nuclear weapons?

Because it has more to gain from the West—by negotiating. And we have more to lose by negotiating. □

TOPSY-TURVY

NEW YORK, AUG. 6

THE ATTACK on the report of the Pornography Commission continues. Its weapons are ridicule, and simulated fear. The ridicule centers on the idea of a dozen investigators traveling industriously through pornland taking notes; the fear is expressed in terms of taking from the people what is theirs through the patrimony of the First Amendment.

It is worth, I think, a moment or two to reflect on the inherent position of those who find the whole anti-porn venture so preposterous. What emerges is a contempt for those who accepted the commission—to investigate the volume of the porn industry and the reaches of its perversity, and to inquire whether that industry induces antisocial behavior—and a protective feeling toward the porn merchants.

Here is a nice example. Robert Scheer of the *Los Angeles Times* and *Playboy*, describing the investigative activities of the commission, came to an on-the-spot visit to "one of those establishments" in Houston that sell porn and otherwise cater to their customers in individual booths. "As everyone watched, a bullet-headed vice cop yanked open the door [of a booth] and announced in a loud voice, 'And here we have two men engaged in an act of oral copulation!' The men looked up in astonishment at the 11 commissioners."

Scheer's comment: ". . . What business was it of a U.S. Commission on Pornography to get down and dirty into the pathetic attempts of some of this world's most forlorn, desperate, and lonely inhabitants to find a few moments of whatever brings them as close to joy as they will get? These were two human beings!"

It apparently does not occur to the critics that precisely it is a concern for human

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beings that animates those who worry about the volume of porn being manufactured. The scene within the booth was a pretty clear expression of the three-dimensional facilities being provided by those porn merchants whose services extend beyond merely graphic displays of carnal activity. And the intellectual argument has to be rescued, that argument being that society has a stake in what appetites are being slaked and stimulated by the free market. The apparent rubric by which the critics are being guided is as simple as this: There is manifestly an appetite for porn. There are people willing to cater to this appetite. Why should not the willing buyer and the willing seller enter into conventional arrangements?

Surely the reason is that lust is an appetite that needs to be regulated. We live in a free society that, just to begin with, regulates that appetite by authorizing only a single marriage at one time. The mere assertion of the authority to do so distinguishes the attitude of society toward those appetites that it regards as bearing on civil relationships, from its attitude toward other appetites. If power is what you wish, you can work for it subject to the restraints of the market, namely democratic acquiescence. And even then, you are subject to certain denials in the exercise of power specified by the Bill of Rights.

GLUTTONY WOULD be an example of an appetite society adopts no legal position about. Cooking editors and food writers are free to cater to the obese in such a way as to tempt them to even greater obesity. The only sanction against obesity in our society is social: People are generally put off by overweight, which is why diets and diet books are also a major industry.

But a sophisticated society acknowledges that sex is often an unruly passion, and for that reason lust is stimulated with some sense of civil propriety. It is still illegal to wander naked down the streets: because modesty of a rudimentary kind is acknowledged to be a civil interest. Sex leads to the creation of what Mr. Scheer would call: "a human being!" A human being carelessly eventuating from booth-type sexual encounters is a heavy responsibility, ostensibly of the parents, actually of the state—abandoned children are properly provided for by the state.

What astonishes is that the porn merchants should suddenly find themselves the objects of concern of so many critics. Robert Scheer introduces one member of the commission as follows: ". . . Father Bruce Ritter [is] a Catholic priest committed to banishing porn from Times Square," going on to quote Father Ritter as opposed to porn for religious, not social-science, reasons. Scheer did not bother to say about Father Ritter that he has devoted himself to rescuing young girls and boys enticed to New York City to practice prostitution.

Why are we so concerned for the pornographers? Why don't they merit the contempt that, paradoxically, is harnessed now against those who profit from drugs? Isn't it more sensible to think of porn merchants as occupying territory nearer to the drug merchants, than to those who use the First Amendment to give us entertainment and learning? □

LONG ROAD AHEAD FOR SENATOR BIDEN

NEW YORK, AUG. 8

SENATOR JOSEPH BIDEN of Delaware, addressing Secretary of State George Shultz and the television camera, acted as though he had just come to town after twenty years in the desert and discovered Pontius Pilate sentencing Christ to the cross. Secretary Shultz said calmly that he "resented" Biden's suggestion that Mr. Reagan's speech had been "immoral" and a tacit approval of continued apartheid in South Africa. Mr. Shultz can be a tough customer when he wants to be, but there are restraints on Secretaries of State addressing congressional committees. Dean Acheson once complained that 90 per cent of foreign policy, for a Secretary of State, is domestic policy.

What Mr. Shultz didn't say, others can say. For instance: "Biden, old shoe, when did you discover the evils of apartheid and the necessity that the United States declare economic war against the South African government? Apartheid has been going on for 38 years. When first did you come out for sanctions?"

Everything in politics, and much in life, is a matter of timing. Why are we so excited at this particular moment? Because of the emergency decree in South Africa? There are eight thousand South Africans being held without charges filed against them, and in American circumstances such a figure would be intolerable. But has it not occurred to any observer of the current scene in South Africa that the government there might have reckoned that in the absence of the emergency decree, ten times eight thousand might have been killed in general rioting? Isn't it possible that history will judge that there was less suffering in South Africa than there would otherwise have been, had the government failed to act?

Viewed against the African scene, the crimes of South Africa assume grandeur only because the government is composed of white people. And this is a subtle form of racism, as if to say: That which is bad is bad if committed by a white man, but understandable if it is committed by a mere black. Adam Wolfson, in the *Policy Review* of last fall, deplores the lack of self-government in South Africa, but then concedes that there is no popular accountability in: Angola, Benin, Bourkina Fasso, Burundi, Cameroon, Cape Verde, the Central African Republic, Chad, the Comoros, the Congo, Djibouti, Equatorial Guinea, Ethiopia, Gabon, Ghana, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, the Ivory Coast, Kenya, Lesotho, Liberia, Madagascar, Malawi, Mali, Mauritania, Mozambique, Niger, Nigeria, Rwanda, São Tomé and Príncipe, the Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Somalia, Namibia, the Sudan, Swaziland, Tanzania, Togo, Uganda, Zaire, and Zambia. We are talking about 85 per cent of black Africa.

It is true that there is brutal railroading of people in South Africa. Also elsewhere. "For example," Wolfson says, "the Ivory Coast expelled 16,000 Beninese in the mid 1960s; Ghana gave two weeks' notice and expelled 500,000 'aliens' in 1969; Zambia expelled all its 'aliens,' some 150,000 people, in 1971; Uganda expelled fifty thousand Asians in 1972, and ten years later expelled thousands of Banyarwandas; Kenya expelled almost five thousand refugees from 1979 to 1981; Ethiopia began a massive relocation of 1.5 million persons in 1984." In May of last year, "Ethiopian soldiers ruthlessly forced fifty thousand starving people at the Ibnet relief camp to leave, and then set the camp on fire, as part of a 'national policy' to resettle people in the western region of Gondar."

HAD ENOUGH? No, don't go away. "The most brutal expulsions," Mr. Wolfson informs us, "have occurred in Nigeria. In 1983, up to three million foreigners were forced to leave. The *Washington Post* reported that in the 'frantic struggle' to escape by the deadline, many refugees were killed while some died of hunger. Two years later, Nigeria expelled another 700,000, at times using tear gas to break up refugee camps. In one confrontation, the Nigerian police shot 65 fleeing refugees. . . .

"South Africa is also properly condemned for its inhumane 'influx control' system, which allows blacks to visit white urban areas outside of their 'homelands' for only 72 hours at a time. Similar laws restrict the freedom of movement of citizens of Ethiopia, Kenya, Mozambique, Rwanda, Somalia, Sudan, Tanzania, and Zaire. Ethiopians, Mozambicans, Rwandans, and Zairians must carry work and residence permits, and cannot move without the permission of the government."

It's a good thing the moral energy of Senator Biden et al. is so profound. They have just begun to fight. After the South African blacks bring freedom to South Africa, they can move their reformist zeal north. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Employment Opportunities

MANAGER TRAINEE: National rent-to-own company seeks 5 growth-oriented, goal-directed individuals for fast-track management. Bachelor's degree and 3-5 years' management experience. Salary plus benefits. Willing to relocate. Send resume: Canyon Rent-to-Own, 4080 East Lake Mead, Ste. B-1, Las Vegas, Nev. 89115.

Situations Wanted

MATURE MALE SEEKS BERTH as crew on blue-water cruising vessel. Familiar with D.R., piloting, electronic and celestial navigation. Former carrier-pilot/businessman. Will commit one year. P.O. Box 112, Sunnyside, Fla. 32461.

CONSERVATIVE, FAMILY-ORIENTED, Christian psychiatrist (yes, there are a few) seeks consulting position with company, think-tank, nonprofit organization that wants to help employees with family and marital problems, crises and depressions. Specialty is psychopharmacology and short-term psychotherapy. Ivy League–trained and Board-certified. Write NR Box 4345.

CONSERVATIVE COLUMNIST, currently writing for small daily, seeks larger market. Academic background in economics, theology, and intellectual history at Ph.D. level. Experience with think-tank, television interviewing, book reviews. Appeared in major conservative publications. Qualified for writing, television, radio, teaching, or PR. Write NR Box 4343.

RETIRED 3M EXECUTIVE, 59, with successful business-equipment sales and marketing record in U.S. and Europe, seeks position with Twin Cities organization. Excellent communication and motivation skills. 612-941-5449. Write NR Box 4335.

NOTRE DAME GRADUATE, class of '83, seeks position as high-school teacher in English, French, history, or religion. Write NR Box 4342.

NYC ATTORNEY, 31, honors graduate of top law school, desires career change. Seeks position with political consulting firm, political organization, or conservative think-tank. Write NR Box 4324.

FEMALE U. OF SAN DIEGO Law School student would like live-in position: maid, cook, companion, etc. Excellent references. B.A., M.A. private colleges. Prefer no children. Begin 8/86. Write NR Box 4333.

Wanted

WANTED: *NR* BOUND VOLUMES: 1977 (Volume 29), 1979 (Volume 31) to complete collection. Will pay any reasonable amount. Please call 617-423-6100 ext. 2203 or write NR Box 4340.

Real Estate

PENSACOLA BEACH, FLORIDA. #6 San de Luna. 2-bedroom, 2½-bath townhome overlooking 22' × 42' pool, tennis courts, soundside, sugar-white sandy island beach. Decorator furnished. $135,000. Seller pays all closing costs. Please call Alston Ingram, Realtor, 800-874-9245. Realty Marts International Realtors.

Services

"BY APPOINTMENT"—Traditionally restored fine antique keyboard instruments. Restoration, repair, servicing. Lessons in playing and tuning. When in Los Angeles, visit our workshop (si vous play!). Carolyn Kunin, 818-761-0857.

RESEARCH/WRITING. All fields. Confidential. Reasonable rates. Research Service, Box 48862, Niles, Ill. 60648. 312-774-5284.

SCHOLARSHIPS/GRANTS FOR COLLEGE are available. Millions go unclaimed yearly. Receive details by calling 800-USA-1221, ext. 0627.

Music

JAZZ PIANO TEXTS by Jack Reilly; recommended by Dick Hyman, Darius Brubeck, *Downbeat*, *Keyboard*. Unique method, from beginner through advanced. Vol. I, Blues Form—$27; Vol. II, Song Form—$37; Vol. III, Free Form—$47; postpaid. 125 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. 718-768-4053. Cassette lessons, free evaluation. Send for flier.

Vacation

SCHOLARS, PROPHETS, WORD-WEARY compatriots all, hear ye: Teacher/media critic offers kindred *NR* stalwarts rare refreshment in tiny authentic cowtown facing unparalleled 150-mile panorama of snowcaps. Plot your escape from TV tyranny while the Rockies, as cognoscenti know, reach peak scenic and recreational glory at Indian summer, and a huge stone fireplace warms your fanny. Completely furnished apartment at $250 weekly, $750 monthly. (Larger or smaller space available; writers especially welcome.) For details present your credentials to owner E. L. Howe at P.O. Box 81, Silver Cliff, Colo. 81249, or Mgr. Peggy Rafferty at 303-783-2354.

VACATION AT OCEAN VILLAGE on Hutchinson Island, Southern Florida's finest east-coast resort community, in unspoiled, uncrowded Fort Pierce, sailfish capital of the world. Luxurious, spacious 2- and 3-bedroom ocean-front condominiums with panoramic views of ocean and inland waterway; golf, tennis, heated pools, ¾-mile private beach, gourmet restaurant. 45 minutes from Palm Beach International Airport, 90 minutes from Epcot-Disney World. $2,500 to $2,900 per month, 10 to 40% discount for multi-month and/or off-season rentals. J. R. Chewning, P.O. Box 15398, Biltmore Forest, N.C. 28813-0398.

DISNEY CONDO FOR RENT. Sleeps six, washer/dryer, pool, tennis court, special rates. 314-487-0184.

TIME-SHARE. One to four weeks. North Carolina Mountains. Own spectacular townhouse; fee simple; sleeps six. PGA golf course, tennis, sailing, riding, indoor/outdoor pools. Sell or trade for equal value in Texas, Arkansas, New Mexico. 512-896-5884.

For Sale

U.S. NAVY SHIPS' CAPS—the same baseball caps sold aboard U.S. Navy warships, navy blue with service gold direct embroidery including scrambled eggs on the visor. USS IOWA BB-61, USS NEW JERSEY BB-62, USS MISSOURI BB-63, USS WISCONSIN BB-64, USS NEW YORK BB-34, USS TEXAS BB-35, USS ARIZONA BB-39, USS CALIFORNIA BB-44, USS WEST VIRGINIA BB-48, USS NORTH CAROLINA BB-55, USS MASSACHUSETTS BB-59, USS ALABAMA BB-60. All U.S. aircraft carriers are available. $14 each or any five for $60. Add $2.50 for shipping, allow eight weeks for delivery. Ships' photographs, coffee cups, books, shirts, and jackets are also available. Hampton Company, Dept. A, P.O. Box 1307, Tustin, Calif. 92681.

THE AWARD-WINNING Adam Smith necktie—gold on navy blue or gold on burgundy. $20, postage paid. VISA and MasterCard. The Decatur Shop, One Decatur Place, North Adams, Mich. 49262-0277. Telephone 517-287-5888.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. Invitations to personal relationships must specify at least 3 interests. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: $1.00 per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.25 for box number. Frequency discounts: 4 times, 90¢ per word; 6 times, 85¢ per word; 8 times or more, 80¢ per word. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 35 days before cover date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Has George Will Missed The Point?

The court has been skiing down a slippery slope of judicial legislation, manufacturing privacy rights lickety-split. Now White and four others want to stop. That desire is prudent, but it is not noticeably more principled than the desire of the other four justices to ski on.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VIDEOTAPE: "Business Negotiations with the Japanese." Three experts on Japanese business have put the results of their extensive interviews on videotape. They show you the right way to do business with the Japanese, including the mistakes to avoid. Only $200. Call in California: 800-225-3465. All others: 800-225-6679.

ICONS; ROMANESQUE, GOTHIC ART. $1 brochure. Studio Didymus, P.O. Box 481, River Forest, Ill. 60305.

THE PICTURE BIBLE: in living color with narrative captions. It's new; your children will be delighted, fascinated, absorbed. In 750 pages, the Old and New Testaments are presented in a simple, continuous action story. Beautiful artwork; keyed to corresponding Scripture passages for quick, easy reference. Endorsed by Protestants and Catholics. Only $9.95 paperback, $13.95 leatherlike hardcover, postpaid. Money-back guarantee. GSN Enterprises, 44 New Road, Dept. NR, Newburgh, N.Y. 12550.

STATUE OF LIBERTY mint stamps. Beautiful, unique, full-color commemoratives from many nations picture New York historical scenes, famous successful American immigrants. $7.50/set. Collection of 10 different sets/souvenir sheets from 5 different countries, $60. Collection of 30 different from 15 countries, $150. NORRCO, P.O. Box 3492, Daly City, Calif. 94015.

HOW TO DETERMINE a Prospect's Mood within 60 Seconds. A valuable, proven technique that gets results when calling upon prospects and customers. Send $9.98 plus $1 postage and handling. Ask for Study #111A, Dych Associates, P.O. Box 12245, Shawnee Mission, Kansas City, Kan. 66212.

Business Opportunities

$10–$360 WEEKLY. Become circular mailer. No quotas. Sincerely interested, rush stamped envelope: National Mailing, Box 19759-NR17, San Diego, Calif. 92119.

WHAT COULD YOU DO with the potential in Patrick Henry University (John Galt's alma mater)? Owner of the trademark rights does not have the time or money to develop it. Seek entrepreneur to exploit everything from souvenirs to honorary degrees for a substantial share of the profits. Write NR Box 4341.

Literary

HOME WITH SMALL CHILDREN, hilarious spoof of what passes for family life today. Manuscript being rejected by liberal press for its frankness about what we are doing to our children. Are there no interested conservative publishing houses? Write NR Box 4344.

TIRED OF THE Social Gospel? Send for free copy of monthly paper dedicated to traditional Eastern Orthodox Christianity—articles on spiritual life, lives of saints, teachings of the Holy Fathers, contemporary issues. Readable. Orthodox America, Box 2132-B, Redding, Calif. 96099.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1324NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKFINDER. Send requests to 2035NR Everding, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NR, 11 West 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Gourmet

GENUINE WEST AFRICAN RECIPES. Send $2 and S.A.S.E. to Lisa Nelson, 691 Laguna Honda, San Francisco, Calif. 94127.

ORDER NOW for September delivery of our Minnesota "Natural Grown" Wild Rice. 1 lb., $8.50; 2 lbs., $14.95; 5 lbs., $35.95; 10 lbs., $69. Recipes, $2. Postpaid. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Route 2, Box 358 A, Aitkin, Minn. 56431.

CHEESECAKE SUPERB. Recipe $2. Richlyn, P.O. Box 43446C, Richmond Heights, Ohio 44143.

VOILA! Classic Louisiana recipes for the modern kitchen. $12.95 postpaid. Cajun Country Cooks, P.O. Box 5133, Lafayette, La. 70502.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ANN ARBOR COMPUTER CONSULTANT, 26, physically fit, Roman Catholic, interested in exercise, music, art, seeks contact with petite, non-smoking, younger woman. Write NR Box 4349.

SAN FRANCISCO'S ONLY CONSERVATIVE, highly skilled craftsman, athlete, and aspiring writer, once voted best-looking, under normal circumstances modest gentleman, 38, seeks bright, beautiful, conservative woman for fun, adventure, bicycling, Shakespeare. Photo please. Write NR Box 4348.

VIBRANT, WARM, loving, attractive, slender, educated, fun-loving. Enjoys arts, nature, life. Male counterpart, 55–64, where art thou? Write NR Box 4347.

SEATTLE-AREA engineering professional and U.W. lecturer is Protestant, tall, and still a bachelor, has interests in books, words, singing, and exploration on wheels, wings, water, and walks. Has goals in Christian reconstruction, seeks fellowship with virtuous, versed, vivacious, venturesome, and tall lady acquainted with grace. Introduce yourself or perhaps a friend. "Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful." Write NR Box 4346.

40-YEAR-OLD PETITE white female, San Francisco Bay Area, former seminarian, now graduate student, new Catholic; enjoys music, outdoors, intellect, playfulness. Wants conventional married life with mature masculine male. Write NR Box 4339.

ART LOVERS' NETWORK connects single, art-loving gentlepersons. ALN, P.O. Box 5106-NR, Westport, Conn. 06881.

LONELY? Write Nationwide Friendship Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91762.

AN INTELLIGENT WAY to meet others. For hobbies, sports, correspondence, friendship, vacations. Members nearby and in 80 countries worldwide. Electronic Exchange, P.O. Box 68-N1, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

CALIFORNIA GENTLEMAN FROM SPAIN, single. Interested in history, travel, and business, seeks lady about 35–50, with a desire to share our lives and interests. Write NR Box 4321.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured single, widowed, or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970—3,000 members. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 215-358-5049.

ART LOVERS' EXCHANGE: Unattached fine-arts lovers get acquainted. Nationwide. Write ALX, P.O. Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

Miscellaneous

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. For personal report send sample, age, and $25 to Alice Charlesworth, Box 41, Forest Park, Dayton, Ohio 45405.

GREAT BOOKS DISCUSSION GROUPS. Informal, exciting. Classics: Lucretius, Shakespeare, Freud, Nabokov, etc. Manhattan. $45/16 weeks. Starts October. Call now. Evenings 7–9 p.m. 212-324-8564 or 718-896-8374.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. $20 and sample, GMR Consulting, 2554 Lincoln, #681-N, Marina del Rey, Calif. 90291.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send full page of writing and $20 to Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Avenue, 3A, New York, N.Y. 10016.

FREE BROWN SCAPULAR and explanation of its benefits to those who wear it, as told by the Mother of God. Send S.A.S.E. to Box 3057, Casper, Wyo. 82602.

NEW YORK BABY-SAVING CENTER needs pro-life counselors and volunteers. Expectant moms and their unborn infants depend on us. Send brief bio to NR Box 4224.

AFGHANISTAN—Since 1980 the Afghanistan Relief Committee has been sending medical aid, food, and support for schools to villagers *inside* Afghanistan. ARC is the primary U.S. support source for *Médecins sans Frontières* and others who risk their lives to bring in help. For more information, write to: Afghanistan Relief Committee, Suite 4100, 345 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10154.

NEW CHURCH BEGINNING. North Tampa, Florida. Pastor reads *NR*. Inquire 813-949-8523.

SPIRITUAL CLASSICS ON CASSETTE: "Brother Lawrence: The Practice of the Presence of God"; "Fenelon: Spiritual Counsel." Each 60-minute tape, $9.95 postpaid; both for $17.95. Auricle Productions, Dept. 2, P.O. Box 3157, Morganton, N.C. 28655-3151. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Severe — 100 79 149 186 15 137 69 174 117

B. Power — 181 139 147 103 41 128 11 68 196

C. *Automobile* — 107 13 161 52 144 71 43

D. Nihilist — 80 167 26 99 119 61 10 154 138 46

E. Offspring — 156 131 67 42 173 93 116 17

F. City in eastern Pennsylvania — 193 35 127 112 62 151 47 95 2

G. Teddy's bunch (2 words) — 184 40 56 152 94 87 31 118 104 132 23

H. Gloomy — 50 163 18 148 81 113 37 172

I. Unyielding — 44 66 146 91 108 180 27 157 3

J. Room often heated — 12 74 175 83 190 159 32

K. High-tech area (2 words) — 89 136 57 185 21 106 70 114 1 34 176 48 153

L. Spectators' area — 60 120 84 8 135 105 178 22 75 165

M. Alert — 88 195 130 115 4 51 72 155 24

N. Forgivenesses — 187 133 143 53 9 73 179 122 36

O. Starving — 45 19 77 168 121 158 90 33

P. Having left a valid will — 150 166 49 14 63 86 109

Q. Reckon — 164 126 16 191 30 76 54 134

R. Circle part — 140 96 171 5 125 59

S. Cinnamon variety — 124 101 192 38 58 177

T. Valuates — 82 189 28 142 64 111 170 92

U. Mediterranean port — 85 29 188 169

V. Delicious — 102 194 65 20 145

W. Like some Anns — 55 7 141 97 183 123 160

X. Verse form — 129 6 110 162 182 98 39 78 25

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 K	2 F	3 I	4 M	5 R	6 X	7 W	8 L	9 N		10 D	11 B	12 J	13 C		14 P	15 A
	16 Q	17 E	18 H	19 O	20 V		21 K	22 L	23 G	24 M	25 X	26 D		27 I	28 T	
29 U		30 Q	31 G	32 J	33 O	34 K	35 F	36 N	37 H		38 S	39 X	40 G	41 B	42 E	43 C
	44 I	45 O		46 D	47 F	48 K		49 P	50 H	51 M	52 C	53 N	54 Q		55 W	56 G
57 K	58 S	59 R	60 L		61 D	62 F	63 P	64 T	65 V		66 I	67 E	68 B		69 A	70 K
	71 C	72 M	73 N	74 J	75 L		76 Q	77 O	78 X	79 A	80 D	81 H	82 T		83 J	84 L
85 U	86 P	87 G	88 M		89 K	90 O	91 I	92 T		93 E	94 G	95 F		96 R	97 W	98 X
99 D	100A	101S		102V	103B	104C		105L	106K	107C	108I	109P	110X	111T		112F
113H	114K	115M		116E	117A	118G	119D	120L	121O	122N	123W		124S	125R	126Q	127F
128B	129X	130M		131E	132G	133N	134Q	135L		136K	137A	138D	139B	140R	141W	142T
143N	144C	145V		146I	147B	148H	149A	150P	151F	152G	153K		154D	155M	156E	
157I	158O	159J	160W		161C	162X	163H	164Q		165L	166P	167D	168O	169U	170T	171R
	172H	173E	174A	175J		176K	177S	178L	179N	180I		181B	182X	183W	184G	185K
186A	187N		188U	189T		190J	191Q	192S		193F	194V	195M	196B			

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART OF EASY CARE PERFORMANCE

"Dogwood and Peony" from Linens by Vera

VISA® DAMASK

Visa fabrics by Milliken.
The superior name in
high performance easy care.
For freedom from staining, from fading.
Little or no ironing.
For brighter brights, whiter whites.
For the best of everything
in quality, support, service.
Visa of Dacron.*
America's Freedom Fabric.

America's Freedom Fabric
VISA
BY MILLIKEN
Fabric that cares for itself. And you.

DACRON® DU PONT POLYESTER

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.

®Visa is a registered trademark of Milliken & Company for fabrics.
*Dacron is a Du Pont registered trademark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

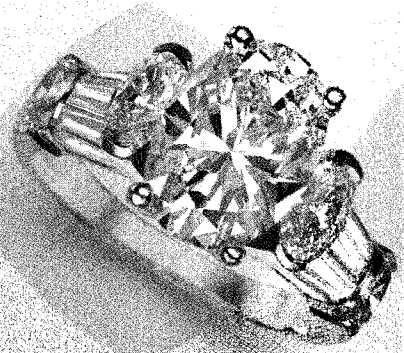
FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE.

Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena—with more fire, more sparkle and scintillation.

Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four characteristics that set it apart forever. They are called the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. These determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree, the beauty and value of your jewelry.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

A diamond is forever.



The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2 carats.
For more information, write N.S., Inc.
P.O. Box 17945,
Los Angeles, CA 90017-4694

A QUALITY DIAMOND OF A CARAT OR MORE.
A FIRE RARELY SEEN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED